FIVE CENTS
Liberty
MAR. 28, 1942

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WALTER WINCHELL–American Phenomenon

ARE OPERATIONS NECESSARY?

What's Happening?

... in Washington? ... in the Far East? ... in England? ... on the Mediterranean Front?

NEWS POURS IN from all over the world. Day after day your newspaper tells about an attack in the Pacific, a torpedoing in the Atlantic, a rout or a victory in Africa.

But what's it all about? What's the continuous story of the news? . . . Your newspaper gives you the day-by-day news, but it's magazines like Liberty that help piece the story together for you.

ON THE FAR EAST FRONT – for example, Liberty helps answer your questions on the Japs. Are they tough fighters? Do they speak for the yellow race—or have they stirred up a tremendous hatred for themselves among the peoples of the Orient?... Hallett Abend, famous authority on the Far East, tells you the story of the Japanese – and how they are fighting – all in the pages of Liberty.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN FRONT – Are supplies regularly reaching the British in Libya? What is desert warfare like? Is the British blockade cutting off Axis supplies? . . . Robert Low, Liberty correspondent, has ridden tanks and armored cars through the Libyan desert... he's shipped on destroyers through blackouts and bombings . . . he's sat in Cairo cafes and watched the agents of both Axis and British intelligence work. He's even been clapped in jail on Nazi orders – and released on American embassy demands. All to bring you the behind-the-scenes movements that help you to understand what's going on.

INSIDE LONDON – What's happening in the British Isles? Very little news has leaked out in recent months. Is the Luftwaffe still active? How much damage did Nazi air raids actually wreak on London? How is British morale? Is there any chance of the British negotiating a peace with Hitler?... John Gunther, author of "Inside Europe," gives you the effect of Luftwaffe bombings and the morale of the British – morale that can't help but make Americans keep a "thumbs-up" spirit whether we're sacrificing on sugar or experiencing a "token" bombing.

ON THE HOME FRONT – Sugar is being rationed. No more tires. Tin is hard to get. We probably will see all kinds of changes in the faces of many products we've been used to seeing. You can't buy a new automobile, and will either have to walk or ride a bicycle to work. Why? . . . So Liberty asked Donald Nelson, recently appointed head of the War Production Board, to explain to Americans the economic and military reasons for these sacrifices.

AND SO on all important fronts – and on new fronts as they open up, Liberty gives you the background material that helps you understand what's going on. It picks out and assigns authorities to tell these important stories – stories that are written in the direct, straight-to-the-point language that we all understand.

Liberty

A VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

"Suppose an old lady talks for a change!"

Her subject is beer and the men in the home

"I am a grandmother now. I've raised a large family and I think I've seen a lot of life.

"It seems to me that never before in our time, have men worked under the strain they do today.

What a wife can do

"When a husband comes home from his day's work, he deserves peace, and understanding, and complete sympathy. He looks to his wife for a smile of welcome . . . a cheery word.

"Tiring as a wife's chores may have been, they do not hold a candle to the vexations and worries of the average man's daily work.

"A good wife, if she is really worth her salt, will do all in her power to give her husband the quiet contentment of a peaceful fireside.

"I've found that in this life, a little bit of give-and-take can do wonders to help out. A little tolerance goes a long way to prevent extremes.

"I think it's like that, when it comes to beer and husbands and other grown-ups.

"A man should be able to relax at home in the way he likes best ...with a glass of mild and friendly beer, if that's what he wants and enjoys. Served that way, by a wife's own hand, beer is truly a beverage of moderation, as Nature intended it should be.

A mother's sons

"And when our children reach manhood, they'll remember this spirit of parental understanding at home. It will help in guiding them to moderation and good sense in a rounded life.

"If wives and mothers would look upon beer with tolerance and wisdom, they would soon discover it to be an ally in keeping their men happy, fit, contented . . . and above all, men of moderation."

The brewers of America are eager to have beer win the place it deserves in the confidence of forward-looking women: a beverage of moderation for the nation. As a tolerant and modern-minded woman, won't you help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program . . . to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. It is described in a booklet sent free on request. Address: Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. C14, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

"Voice of the People"

PATRIOTISM VERSUS POLITICS

BECKLEY, W. VA.—May I be allowed to give three loud, lusty cheers for your editorial of February 14, Why Not Use These Able Men? suggesting that the brains of America, not the politics, be used in helping to win this war? Let's forget that John belongs to this party and Joe to another, because it's going to take unity to win this struggle.—*Bernard Louis Saks.*

MUSTANG, OKLA.—Your editorial of February 14 is all a lot of hooey. You can't change human nature, old man. Too many cooks will spoil the broth. None of the men you mention (all great men) could work in the war set-up without trying to boss it. Their places are just where they are now, on the outside where they can freely give constructive criticism.—*R. W. Turquette.*

NYE'S GHOST RAGS RIVALS?

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—*In re* An Actor's Funnybone, by Frank McHugh, printed in your magazine, we all heard those jokes years ago. You might as well have used some pages from Joe Miller's old book.—*B. H. Nye.*

THE SOLDIERS ARE STILL TALKING ABOUT IT

CAMP CLAIBORNE, LA.—Tell any one who took too seriously George Jean Nathan's article in February 14 Liberty that about two hundred men, mostly of my division, waited three hours to hear Miss Rose Bampton of the Metropolitan when she made a sudden and unadvertised appearance here and was delayed. Meanwhile two enlisted men gave an impromptu concert of Chopin, Beethoven, Brahms, and Bach, from memory and by request of the audience.

When the singer arrived she sang popular numbers. But the fellows clamored for opera. She had left her classical music at the hotel, since she did not think soldiers would care to hear opera.

Miss Bampton's audience was small for reasons already given. Thousands would greet Tibbett or Eddy, or Maurice Evans in Shakespearian productions.—*Private Bill, 44th Division.*

DOES, GEORGE. BUT WE KINDA LIKE 'EM ALL

VENTURA, CALIF.—I thought your editorial Laughing Keeps the Chin Up, printed some time back, was excellent. Bet the blanks stood for "sons of America!" How any one could criticize your swell magazine any way but favorably is beyond me, but I suppose it takes all kinds of people to make a world.—*George Mann.*

A "FARMERETTE" TELLS WASHINGTON

LEROY, WYO.—I'm burned up! Either Mrs. Roosevelt or Miss Perkins has been quoted on every radio broadcast for the last six weeks as giving out advice to the farm woman and the place she must take in our all-out effort for national defense. First Mrs. Roosevelt says women must feed the chickens; then Miss Perkins comes forth with the supposedly bold statement that women will even have to get behind the plows.

Well! Now I would just like to know what these two women think we farm women—or farmerettes, as they call us now—have been doing all this time. What farm woman doesn't feed the chickens, besides caring for a few dozen turkeys, doggie lambs and calves, to say nothing of pigs, cattle, and horses? These chores are daily events after helping milk cows, separating the milk, preparing the meals, doing up the housework, and weeding the vegetable garden.

There are very few girls raised on the ranch or farm who have not worked in the fields at harvest time and who have not even been behind a plow!

Don't misunderstand me. We are not complaining, we farm women. We are willing to do our part to help win this war, but we were drafted when we fed our first motherless lamb on the bottle.

If the future of America depends upon the ability of the farm women to carry on, we have indeed many bright days ahead.—*Mrs. Stoddard Goodrick.*

WE'RE GLAD TO PASS ALONG THIS WISH

TROY, IDA.—In February 14 Liberty I was reading There Are No Bad Boys, and realized I was the manager of the first store held up by the author, that night seventeen years ago.

I am proud of this boy, the way he repaid the money and now has a business of his own. I never knew before what became of him; and at that time he was only a kid and I did not believe him bad myself. I want to wish him all the luck in the world.—*H. C. Barker.*

TIPS ON DEFENSE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—All of us know that the response to the U. S. Defense Savings campaign must be successful to ensure quick victory. I have found occasion to leave tips to manicurists, barbers, doormen, waiters, bootblacks at least five times a day. Since our country has been at war—and I intend to do so for the duration—I no longer leave them "cold cash," but instead I leave them a small part of America—a defense stamp.—*Elmer G. Leterman.*

DETROIT, MICH.—You made a wish that you could think of fifty-one other covers as popular as your calendar cover of January 10. Just keep that attractive patriotic "Buy U. S. Defense Savings Bonds" tag on all your covers and your wish is granted. Hats and helmets off to Liberty for an original patriotic idea.—*Thomas J. Usher, Jr.*

NOT FAIR? GOSH SAKES!

WHITE CLOUD, MICH.—I don't think that it's fair not to number the pages at the top of the page where they can be easily seen.

But the reading time is good, and the features I do not care for I just pass up.—*George Wing.*

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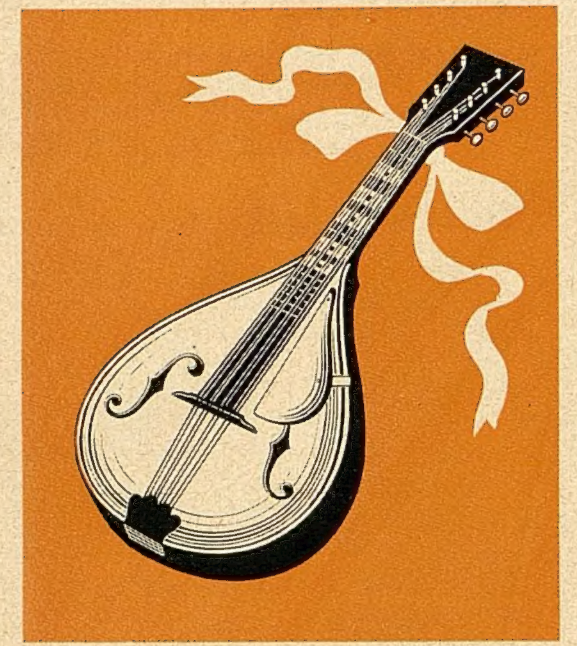
Know your M's



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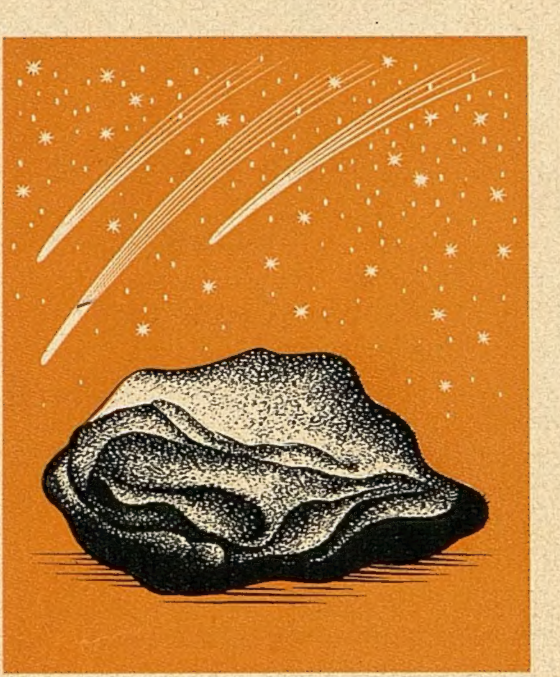

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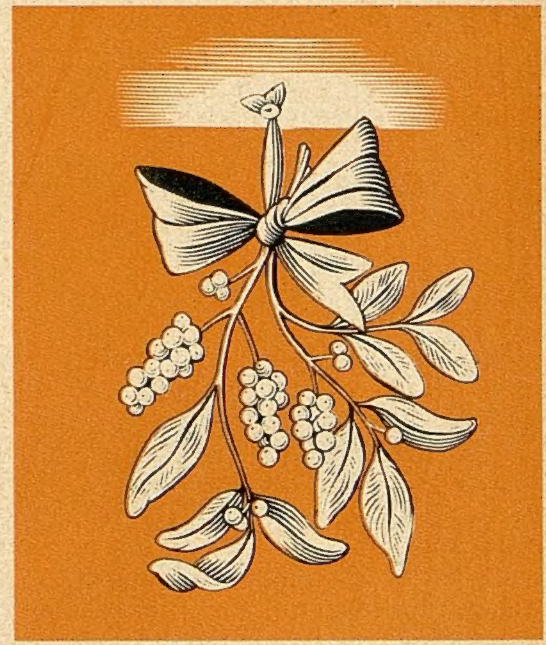

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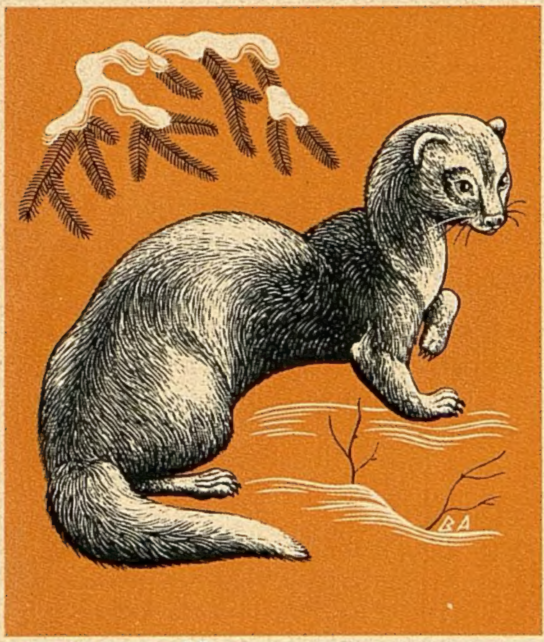

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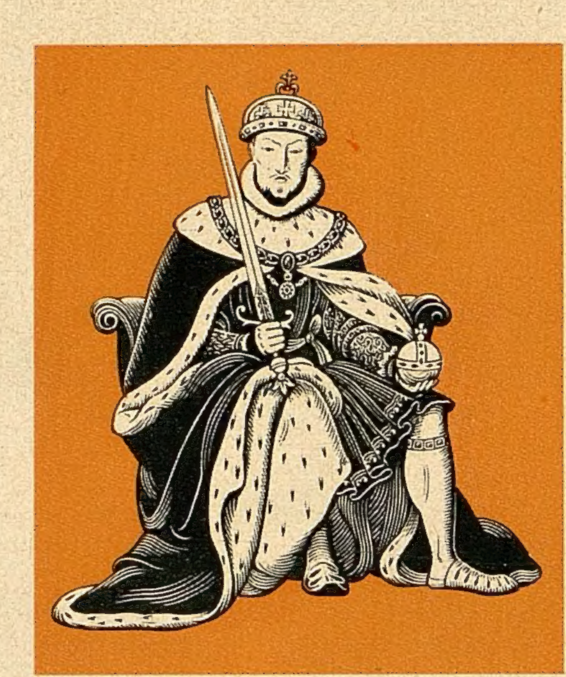

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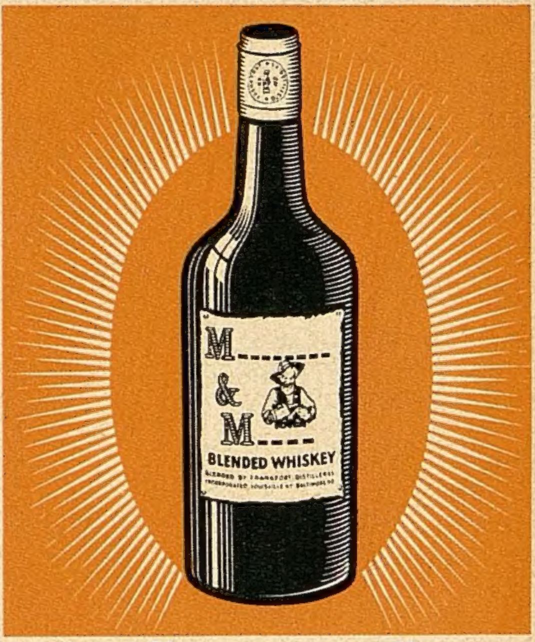


6. This is **M________ & M____**
The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mandolin;* 2, *Meteor;* 3, *Mistletoe;* 4, *Marten;* 5, *Monarch;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore,* the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . *for M & M is probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.*

The Best of 'em is

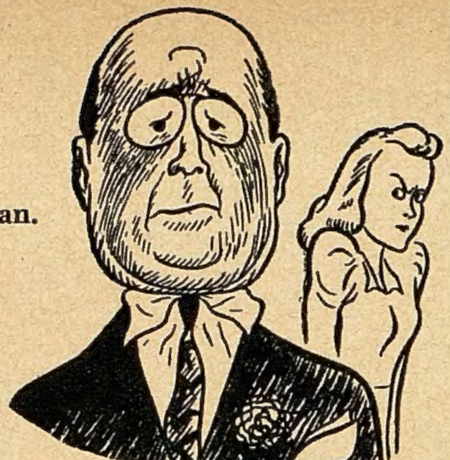
M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

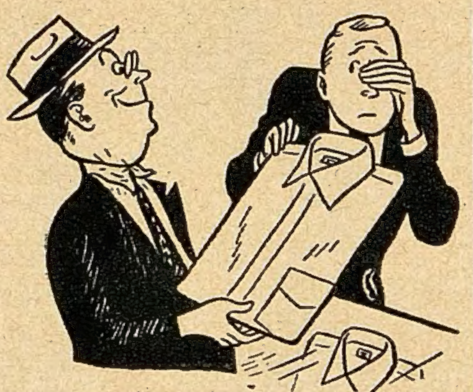
Mr. Midgely's face
Came within an ace
Of being redder than
That of an outraged Brooklyn Dodger fan.
Blaming high blood pressure for the condition,
Mrs. M. packed off Mr. M. to their family physician.

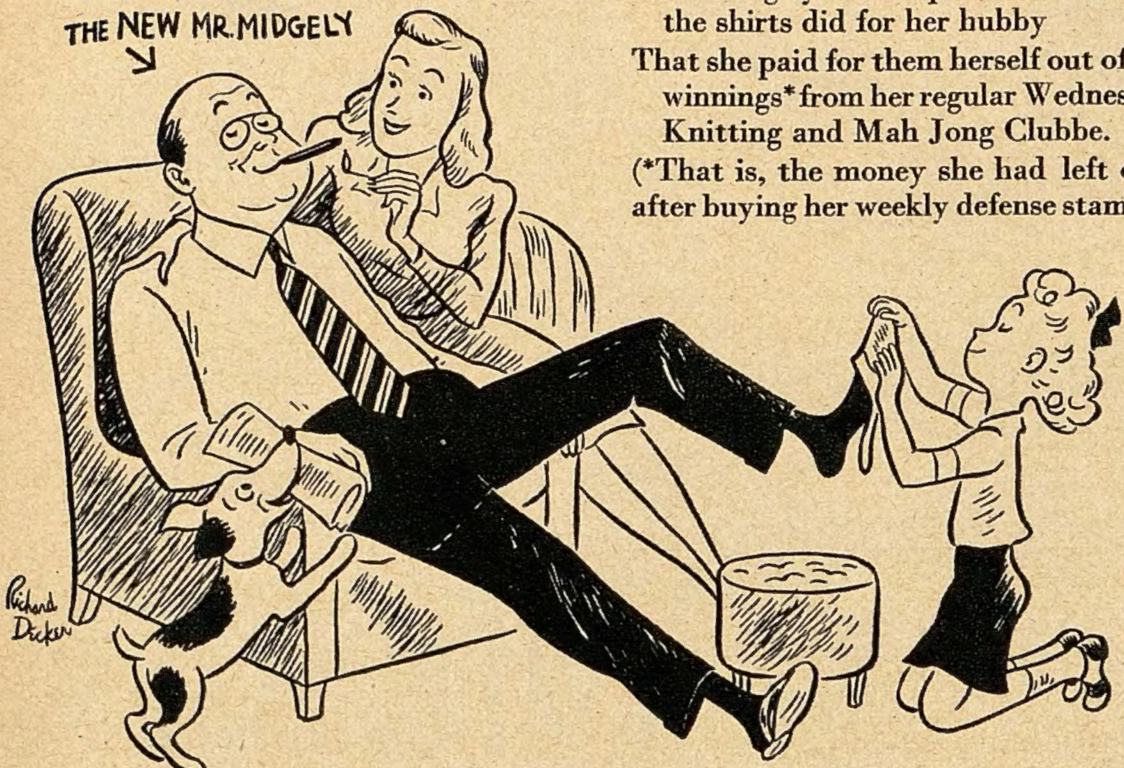
As Midgely removed his coat
Doc made a mental note.



"Hmm", he said,
"Shirt bosom like an unmade bed."
Doc was alert
As Midgely flicked open the top button of his shirt.
And very rightly so;
For immediately Midgely's flush began to ebb, or is it flow?
"Aha," Doc ejaculated—polite for "holler."
"Just as I thought when I saw your collar.
The bunchy bosom further revealed it
And the top button sealed it.
Your redness
Is a combination of embarrassment for your shirt's unmade-bedness
And of strangling a mite
Because your shirt's too tight."

Doc thereupon wrote a prescription
In that language doctors use which is said to be Latin but looks more like Egyptian.
"Here, take this to an Arrow dealer,
The world's finest strangulation-healer."
Midgely got three Arrow Shirts, each slightly over two dollars.
They had the handsomest Arrow Collars;
They had the less-than-1% shrinkage insurance of the Sanforized label;
They had the "Mitoga" figure-fit, exclusive with the Arrow cutting table.





Mrs. Midgely was so pleased with what the shirts did for her hubby
That she paid for them herself out of her winnings* from her regular Wednesday Knitting and Mah Jong Clubbe.
(*That is, the money she had left over after buying her weekly defense stamps.)

ARROW SHIRTS

See: ARROW HITT • ARROW DART • ARROW DALE

A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit! Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

THIS WEEK

March 28, 1942

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COVER BY MC CLELLAND BARCLAY

NEXT WEEK

April 4, 1942

MRS. ROOSEVELT SEES NO EVIL

One of Washington's keenest and most daringly outspoken analysts is Raymond Clapper. Next to her husband, Mrs. Roosevelt is probably the most talked about person in America. As author and subject, these two personalities come together next week in an article to look forward to and remember when you have read it. It clears the air about a number of things.

SICK MAN AGAIN

The strategists say that soon—perhaps it has already happened as you read this—the eyes of the world are going to be turned on Turkey. Once called the Sick Man of Europe, Turkey again is ill, and in trouble. Liberty's special war correspondent, Robert Low, recently returned from the Near and Middle East, gives you an enlightening and important report on a nation caught between the Axis and Allied millstones.

THE SAGA OF MIKE SHANNON

He was tough, rough, swaggering. But he had what it takes to be a top lineman when the winds howl and work is a fight with Nature. At first, other men hated him. And there was a girl. . . . A swift and thrilling tale of courage and adventurous action, by a Liberty newcomer, Bill Gulick.

ALSO NEXT WEEK: The people who make the best pictures, chosen by press cameramen, in two pages of photographs which may surprise you by what they tell. . . . A lively close-up of baseball's Mel Ott, by Frederick G. Lieb. . . . More of Fred Allhoff's revealing pen-portrait of Walter Winchell, and of Elswyth Thane's fine serial. . . . Stories of Horatio Winslow and Margaret Lee Runbeck—and more than enough other good things to make a Liberty you'll like!

Greyhound Does *Double Duty*

on America's Highways to Victory!

Side by side two great American armies, civilian and military, are driving toward Victory. In this all-out effort, Greyhound and the bus industry are putting the highways to work for Uncle Sam—and furnishing transportation to the millions no longer using cars. Huge quantities of war materials are saved—for a bus can carry a passenger several times as many miles as a car, *per gallon of fuel, per pound of rubber or metal used.* Go Greyhound and save money for more Defense Bonds—go during the mid-week when possible, save seat-space on week-ends for soldiers.

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Helps Business to Function

Saves Fuel, Rubber, Metal

Takes Selectees to Camp

Speeds Military Movements

Makes Furloughs Easy to Take

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SPIKING THEIR GUNS!

American industry is busy today spiking the guns of the foes of freedom.

And in that job you can count the American railroads right up toward the head of the list.

They're hauling more tons more miles per day than ever before.

They're making every piece of equipment do more work than ever before—and are pouring earnings back into more equipment to do their job even better.

That's why we say, one of the biggest spikes in the Axis' guns will be a railroad spike.

They started this "war of movement"—and now they're going to find out what movement really means in the U. S. A.

★ ★ ★

APRIL
P.S.
PERFECT SHIPPING MONTH

Good packing, secure loading and careful handling will conserve time, materials, money, and will help win the war. We can't afford waste now.

UNITED
FOR
VICTORY

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Liberty
MARCH 28, 1942

"INSIDE DOPE" IS DANGEROUS NOW

☆ ONE rather engaging characteristic is almost universal among Americans. That is the passion for having "inside dope."

In ordinary times this compulsion to have mysterious information works itself off harmlessly enough. We learn, apparently from the walls themselves, exactly what the boss said to the office manager when he was on the carpet. We find out, through whisperings, who is going to win the Preakness.

Of course, we are never so selfish as to keep this inside stuff to ourselves. And, equally of course, the inside stuff turns out to be wrong a little more often than right.

All this is just an innocent pastime when things are normal; but it is not an innocent pastime when the country is fighting for its life.

It is dangerous—so very dangerous that not only an admiral of the navy but the President himself has had to speak about it. Both of them have had to deny, officially, rumors which were vicious—rumors which started out as straight from "a man who knows the real truth."

Admiral Andrews had to deny in the newspapers the weird tale of the shipload of corpses from Hawaii, docked at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

And when it became necessary for the President to speak out, he used a word which is perhaps new to many Americans. He said there was a "Cliveden Set" in Washington.

The thing which roused his temper was the swarm of rumors about Pearl Harbor. In his Washington's Birthday broadcast the President stated: "You and I have the utmost contempt for Americans who, since Pearl Harbor, have whispered or announced 'off the record' that there was no longer any Pacific fleet. . . ."

When the President previously said these false stories were started by the Washington "Cliveden Set" he referred to the group of British appeasers and obstructionists who forgathered, in the early days of the war, at the country estate of Lord and Lady Astor and agitated for the continuance of the weak Chamberlain policies.

But it may be questioned whether we have a real "Cliveden Set." It is true that most of our false and harmful rumors start in Washington. But that is probably because Washington has no factories, no industries. There is no atmosphere of real participation in the mighty wave of production. Washington produces nothing but government—and the inevitable blood brother of government, gossip.

We doubt that the rumor starters want to help the enemy or hamper our own march to victory. These people are (*a*) quite bored with themselves and (*b*) forced by competition and circumstances to be "in the know"—or at least to pretend that they are. So, if they really have no secrets to pass on, they will think of something startling to whisper, with many a knowing wink and nod.

The President had another word—a word for the yarns these people spin. He spelled the word out: R O T—rot!

As long as we keep that word in our heads whenever somebody pulls us into a corner and murmurs that he has something straight from Washington, we are all right.

We are all right anyway. We shall win because we have got to win, and because we have the men and machines to pound out victory. But, in the process of doing the job, there is no need whatever to plague ourselves with needless nightmares.

MARCH 28, 1942 · · · LIBERTY · · · VOLUME 19, NUMBER 13
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Current Events, MORRIS MARKEY • Movies, HOWARD BARNES • Books, DONALD GORDON

WALTER

BY FRED ALLHOFF

He climbed a gossip column to fame . . Things happened on the way! A close-up of a stranger-than-fiction career

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

☆ THE little thin-faced kid was making a pest of himself. "Lemme play," he insisted. "I wanna play, too."

One of the older lads playing ball in the fenced-in schoolyard of Public School 184 in Manhattan finally solved it.

"Look, squirt," he said. "Go on outside in the street. You can ketch the ones that go over the fence."

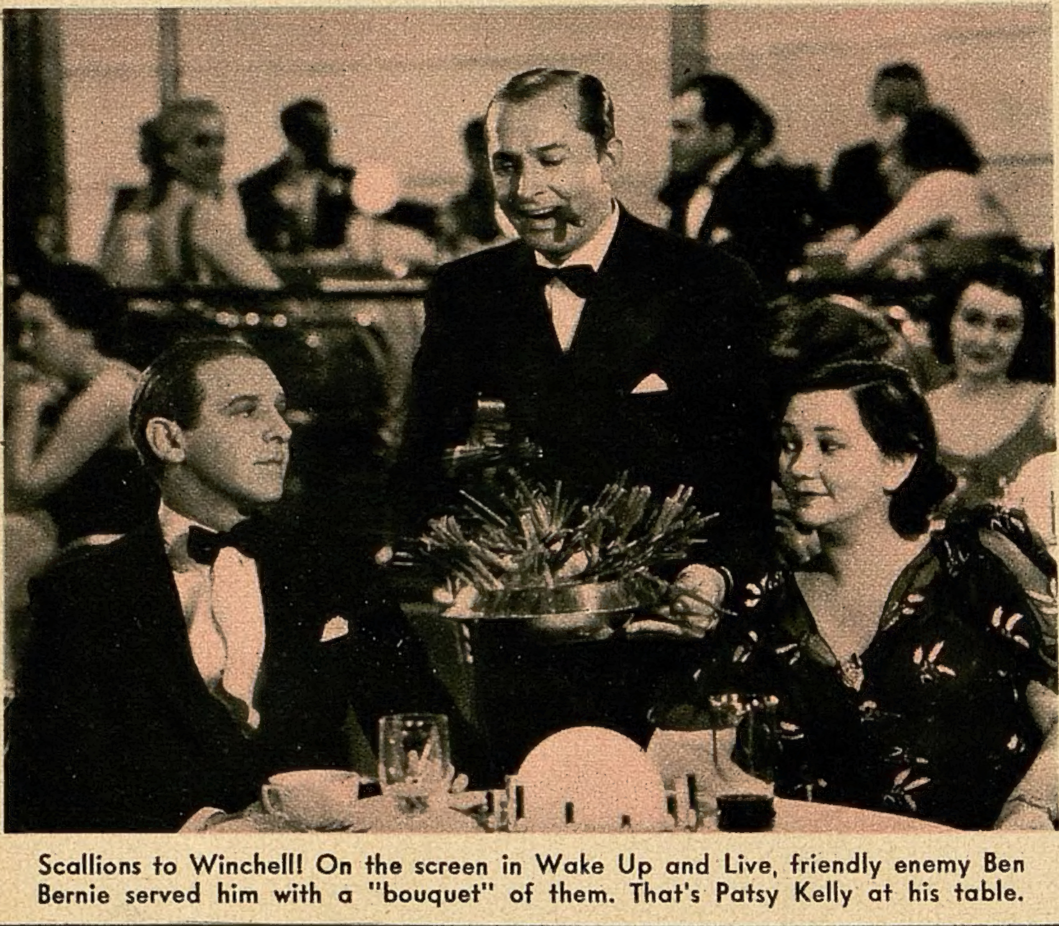
Happily the kid ran out into 116th Street, waited for a high fly. One came sailing over. He began to run to get under it. His foot caught in the streetcar tracks. He went down—directly in the path of a horse-drawn grocery wagon. The horse kicked him in the head and they took him away for some stitching.

"That," Walter Winchell gags today, "is how I became a Broadway columnist. I was kicked in the head by a horse when I was young."

Actually, the horse had little to do with it. Rather, it was that same eager, excitable insistence that he be in on things when—or even before—they were happening that has made Winchell a journalistic phenomenon.

Today, at forty-five, his restless energy burns as fiercely as a thermite bomb. Other men have made their fortunes early and have begun to coast. Winchell doesn't know how to coast. He's still chasing up and down the street trying to get under journalistic hot ones. And he doesn't trip very often these days.

He has progressed from the gaudy gin-mill gossip of Manhattan's pretended prohibition days to biological blessings, to the Washington scene, to international reporting. He's covering the whole outfield now.

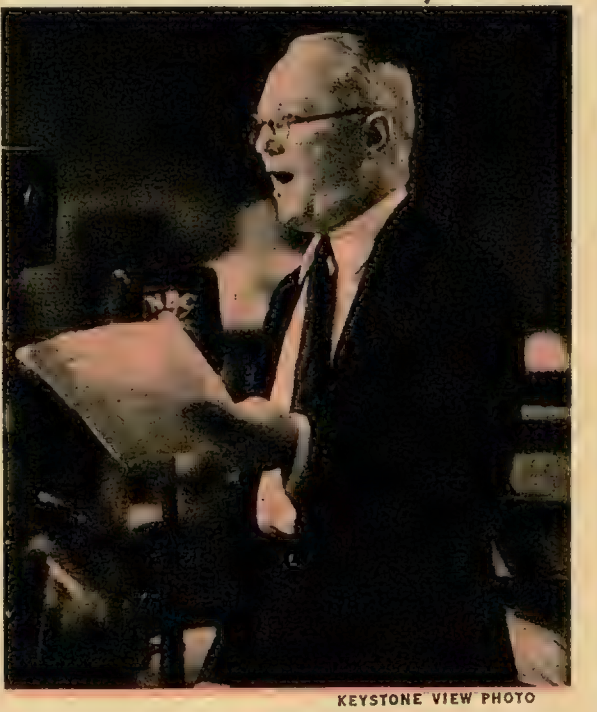


Scallions to Winchell! On the screen in Wake Up and Live, friendly enemy Ben Bernie served him with a "bouquet" of them. That's Patsy Kelly at his table.

WINCHELL—AMERICAN PHENOMENON

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

"Hello, sucker!" It's Texas Guinan, his "tutor."


KEYSTONE VIEW PHOTO

George M. Cohan, an idol of his, at the mike.

His earnings are a little on the fantastic side for a man who in the early '20s was contentedly drawing down twenty-five dollars a week and striving to emerge from the clutches of a money-lending institution.

Recently a friend, executive of a newsreel company, was having lunch with Winchell. "Walter," he said, "you've done everything else; why not try something dignified for a change? Why not be a newsreel commentator?"

Pounding out still another script besides his radio broadcasts and six weekly columns and shooting it at an excited 190 words a minute into a can of film sounded boring.

"I'd go nuts," Winchell said.

"Nuts, my eye! We'll have the finished script ready for you. All you'll have to do will be to come in once a week for an hour and read it off."

"All right," said Winchell. "It's a deal."

His friend hesitated. "About the money, now. What can I offer a guy like you?"

"Anything. Write me a letter."

The letter came through promptly. It offered Winchell a fifty-two-week contract at $25,000 a year. For an hour's work each week he would be paid about $500. At his New York Daily Mirror office—where he seldom goes these days—one of his two Girl Fridays, Miss Rose Bigman, put the letter on top of a stack of correspondence to be sent to him.

That afternoon an agent of the Internal Revenue Department came to Winchell's office to check his books. He spied the new contract offer, made some rapid calculations. He told Miss Bigman:

"I didn't mean to snoop, but I couldn't help seeing this newsreel contract. Tell Walter he already earns so much that if he does take this new job he'll only be allowed to keep about $4,600 of the $25,000."

Winchell didn't take up the contract.

His present earnings break down this way: His Sunday-night radio broadcasts earn him $5,000 a week, his column in the New York Daily Mirror another $1,200 weekly. Syndication of his column in some 850 other newspapers (including San Quentin's prison paper, which pays two dollars a month for it) brings in $3,000 to $3,500 monthly. Add them all together and they spell moola.

This year, 71 per cent of Winchell's 1941 earnings will be siphoned off by the government via the tax route.

His biggest year was 1937. In addition to his regular man-killing chores, he made two movies at $75,000 each, tilting his earnings for that year to $431,000. He owns a chunk of property in Beverly Hills, maintains a home in Westchester and an apartment occupying the entire tower floor of a Manhattan residential skyscraper. His annual expenses are around $50,000 a year.

He refuses to say what he is worth today. His friends put it at a cool, if conservative, million dollars.

Walter Winchell was thirteen when he left school and set out to twist Manhattan's tail and add to the family's modest larder. At the Imperial Theater in Harlem, near where he had come off second best in the skirmish with the groceryman's horse, he became a singing usher. It was at the Imperial, too, that he played his first professional engagement with two other youngsters, Jack Wiener and George Jessel. They were billed as "The Little Men with the Big Voices."

He was something short of a sensation. Gus Edwards let him sing and dance with a kid act that included Jessel, Lila Lee, and Georgie Price; dropped him after two weeks.

Faced with failure at the ripe age of thirteen, Winchell kept plugging away. He grew older, teamed up with girl partners, tapped his toes against the boards of innumerable tank-town theaters. He sat in dreary dressing cubicles whose walls bore the grim warning: "Don't send your laundry out until *after* the first performance."

He haunted the reception rooms of Broadway agents, begging for three-day bookings, the chance to make eating money. Unimpressed agents forgot he was there, went out for two-hour lunches while he sat there, hungry. He has never forgotten, forgiven. Today, a 10-per-cent cut of Winchell's fabulous salary would keep in comfortable style an agent who had no other client. No agent gets a nickel of his money.

"It's the one thing about which I am really vindictive," he explains.

Winchell celebrated World War I by writing a patriotic Yankee Doodle ditty called Follow the Flag and by joining the navy. He did not get overseas, but was assigned, as a yeoman, to the late Rear Admiral Marbury Johnston. Part of his duties included putting flame to wax to seal official envelopes. He was doing this one day when he heard a group of naval officers discussing a possible armistice. His itch for news was as unscratched then as it is now. He leaned far over, the better to eavesdrop, and suddenly felt that his nose was on fire. Winchell, who hates practical jokes, was perhaps the only man in the navy who ever gave himself a hot nose.

War's end sent Winchell hoofing out into the hinterland, gave birth to his first gossip column, first word coinage—a typed page called The Newsense, which he affixed to the bulletin boards of theaters in which he was dancing. It consisted of personal items and gags about fellow

Winchell in the Stork Club, his "night-life headquarters," with Sherman Billingsley.

troupers and their relatives. When it began to appear in the New York Vaudeville News, a Keith-Albee house organ, Walter Winchell deserted the stage and entered newsdom through this back door. For twenty-five a week and a percentage of the advertising revenue, he began a tireless chase of gags, gossip, and ads along Broadway.

Callow and enthusiastic as any cub reporter (he has never lost the enthusiasm, though the callowness is long gone), he went one day to interview the great George M. Cohan, to this day one of Winchell's idols. An unknown, he did not know what kind of reception to expect. He has never quite recovered from the fact that Cohan shook his hand warmly, said, "Sit right down, son," and proceeded to answer questions for more than an hour.

While on the Vaudeville News Winchell married lovely June Magee, a dancer. They have been happily married since 1919, have two children: Walda and Walter, Jr.

While on the Vaudeville News, too, Winchell received poetic contributions for his column from Fulton Oursler. He returned some of them with the brash notation: "Your rhymes don't."

Late one night, while patrolling his Broadway beat, Winchell ran into an old vaudeville friend, Norman Frescott.

"I understand," Frescott told him, "that a new newspaper's being started in New York. A tabloid."

Winchell, who had been very happy on the twenty-five a week paid him by the Vaudeville News, became excited.

"Who's the editor?"

"Fulton Oursler."

Winchell did not at once place the name of his former poetry contributor. He was too busy searching for a telephone directory.

"Know him?"

"Yes."

Winchell paged rapidly through the directory.

"Here it is," he said, and gave Frescott the number. "Call him up. Now. I could do a Broadway column for him. Put in a word for me."

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC., PHOTO

Owney Madden, bootleg beer czar, in custody.

"But, Walter," Frescott protested, "it's midnight. You can't just get a man out of bed at midnight and ask him to give a friend a job."

To Winchell, this was inexplicable. Midnight was midday for him. He felt fine.

"Call him," he insisted. "Now. Here's the number."

The call, accompanied by profuse apologies, was made. Oursler remembered Winchell—and Winchell was embarked on his first real newspaper job. Or series of jobs. For, besides writing a Broadway column, reporting Broadway news, criticizing plays and editing a dramatic page on the Graphic, Winchell solicited amusement ads.

The credit—or blame—for making Walter Winchell goes to two persons, both now dead. One was Sime Silverman of Variety; the other, breezy garrulous Texas Guinan of night-club fame.

When Winchell, a green cub, first appeared on Broadway to garner nuggets of gossip for his column, Sime took him in hand. Perhaps it was his wide-eyed, effervescent enthusiasm about everything, his unending capacity for work—two qualities he has never lost—that touched the older man.

Sime used to give Winchell stories on Monday that Variety would run under a banner on Wednesday. He taught him the code of Times Square:

"Never tip off, Walter," he would say.

By that he meant, never print an item saying that a married man has been seen out with a woman not his wife—or vice versa. Winchell claims today that he never knowingly violated that rule unless he had good reason to believe the marriage already was on the rocks.

From Variety too, Winchell will tell you today, came his inspiration for colorful word coinage. Such telescopic word coinages—all his own—as Chicagorilla, Renovated, debutramp, Park Rowgue, infanticipating, intelligentleman, and others were to find their way into his lively column and, occasionally, into the American language.

Later, when Winchell developed sources of information of his own, Sime Silverman used to ring Winchell's scoops with a blue pencil, paste them proudly on the bulletin board of his own office with the caustic notation: "These should have been in Variety." This did not exactly enshrine Winchell in the hearts of Variety's mugs.

Walter Winchell hit Broadway when the street was tail-spinning into its most incredible era. Money was free and easy. The town's drinking places were run by East Side gangsters who served cheap rotgut for fabulous prices to Park Avenue socialites and Wall Street bankers who made the rounds with front-line chorus girls.

Winchell claims he had never been inside a night club when one day he picked up an item for his Broadway column. The gangster bouncers of a night club run by Larry Fay—himself a notorious old-time racketeer—had a quaint custom. They would reason with obstreperous customers by the simple process of filling one fist full of quarters and hitting the customer in the face.

In this case they had knocked a man down a flight of stairs, injuring him seriously enough to necessitate a trip to the hospital.

Winchell heard of the incident from a source he believed reliable and took a poke at the place in his column. The place happened to be Texas Guinan's.

Sime Silverman sent for him. "Do you know Texas, Walter?"

He had never laid eyes on her.

"I'll take you up there tonight," Sime told him.

He was embarrassed. He didn't want to go. But he could hardly argue with Sime, his Broadway mentor.

That night Texas Guinan sat at the table with Sime and Winchell. She showed no resentment.

"Look, Mr. Winchell," she said finally. "I want to tell you something. This fellow you wrote about—the one that had the accident. He was plastered. Really vicious. Swearing at the other patrons and pushing them around. A couple of the boys went to reason with him, to quiet him down. Do you know what he did? He pulled a gun! So we *had* to go to work on him."

Winchell by this time was a fiery scarlet. His sympathy for the injured man now went out to Texas. He felt very ungallant. It was a cock-and-bull story that Texas was feeding him, but he believed it; even promised to tell the "true story of what happened" in a subsequent column.

He and Texas Guinan became good friends, and she, too, became his tutor. She knew every one and, seemingly, every one visited her night club—which in reality was a business enterprise run by Larry Fay. She would tell Walter:

"Gertie Vanderbilt was in my place tonight. Came in with So-and-So."

He would whip out paper, poise pencil in left hand, say: "Who?"

"Haven't you ever heard of *Gertie Vanderbilt?*"

"No," he would answer truthfully. "How do you spell it?"

"My Lord!" Texas would say. "Here, I'll write it out for you."

She would give him gags, too, telling him: "Just heard that one in my club tonight." He would dutifully print the gags in his column. It was a long time before he learned that she had lifted them from humor magazines.

From Texas, in an unguarded bitter moment, he learned something about etiquette on Broadway. He was in her place one morning when another newspaperman came in and sat down at the table with him. Texas came over, a thick batch of tabs in one hand. She ignored Winchell, smiled fixedly at the other reporter. And then she cut loose in a voice that carried to the far corners of the joint.

"You've been coming here a long time," she told the other man. "You eat here, drink here, live here. You never pay for a damned thing. You bring your chiseling friends here to eat on the cuff. See these, you cheap four-flusher. Add 'em up. They total more than $200. Well, here's something else for you—free."

She tore up the tabs, threw them—hard—into the other man's face. Winchell, who was ready to crawl under the table in embarrassment over the expression on the other chap's face, never forgot the episode. He told a pal, Mark Hellinger:

"Mark, let's never let any one be in position to talk to us like that—never."

To this day Winchell is no free loader. Though a mention in his column is worth everything on the menu for a month, he pays his check or leaves a fat tip for the waiter. People seeking to curry favor by lavishing presents upon him find them curtly refused.

It was Winchell who gave Texas Guinan her last job, writing a role for her into a picture he turned out for Hollywood shortly before her death.

Texas, in Winchell's cub days, gave him reams of stories for his column—chitchat about prominent people who visited her place. They had the thing that keeps every country editor from starving—names, names, and names.

And Winchell found that his city editor on the Graphic wouldn't use them.

"They're unconfirmed gossip," he was told severely.

A famous hard-drinking actor took the pledge one night, wound up drunk the next in a night club. Winchell got the tip first. His paper wouldn't use it. The same actor took a boat to Europe, followed one week later by his show-girl friend. Winchell's paper wouldn't use it. The opposition paper splashed both of these same stories. Winchell had the Irving Berlin elopement story first—and was scooped on it.

"Check these stories and I'll use them," his editor told him.

"How can I?" he asked. "I have to cover a show, edit a dramatic page, write a column, and chase down advertising. There's the tip. It comes from a source I believe reliable. Send a man out to check it."

He got nowhere. His column was consisting of poems and gags made up by him or sent in by press agents.

One day, tired and dejected, he fished out of his pockets the accumulation of months of scribbled tips on personal items, sat down, and hammered out his first gossip column. Defiantly he sent it to the printers. Hours later the editor came in. Winchell began to apologize.

"Never mind," he was told. "This is just the sort of stuff we want. Give us a column like this every day."

Winchell's first metropolitan gossip column had caught on like a brush fire. He was launched on the dizzy ride to fame and fortune.

Today Walter Winchell is still at the top of the pile, but it's taken a heap of clawing and scratching and feuding and shouting and punching (sometimes, in the clinches, they look low to at least part of the audience) to keep him there. What his angry and usually envious competitors and critics conveniently overlook is that the guy works harder today than he did twenty years ago. His breathtaking pace would kill any three of them.

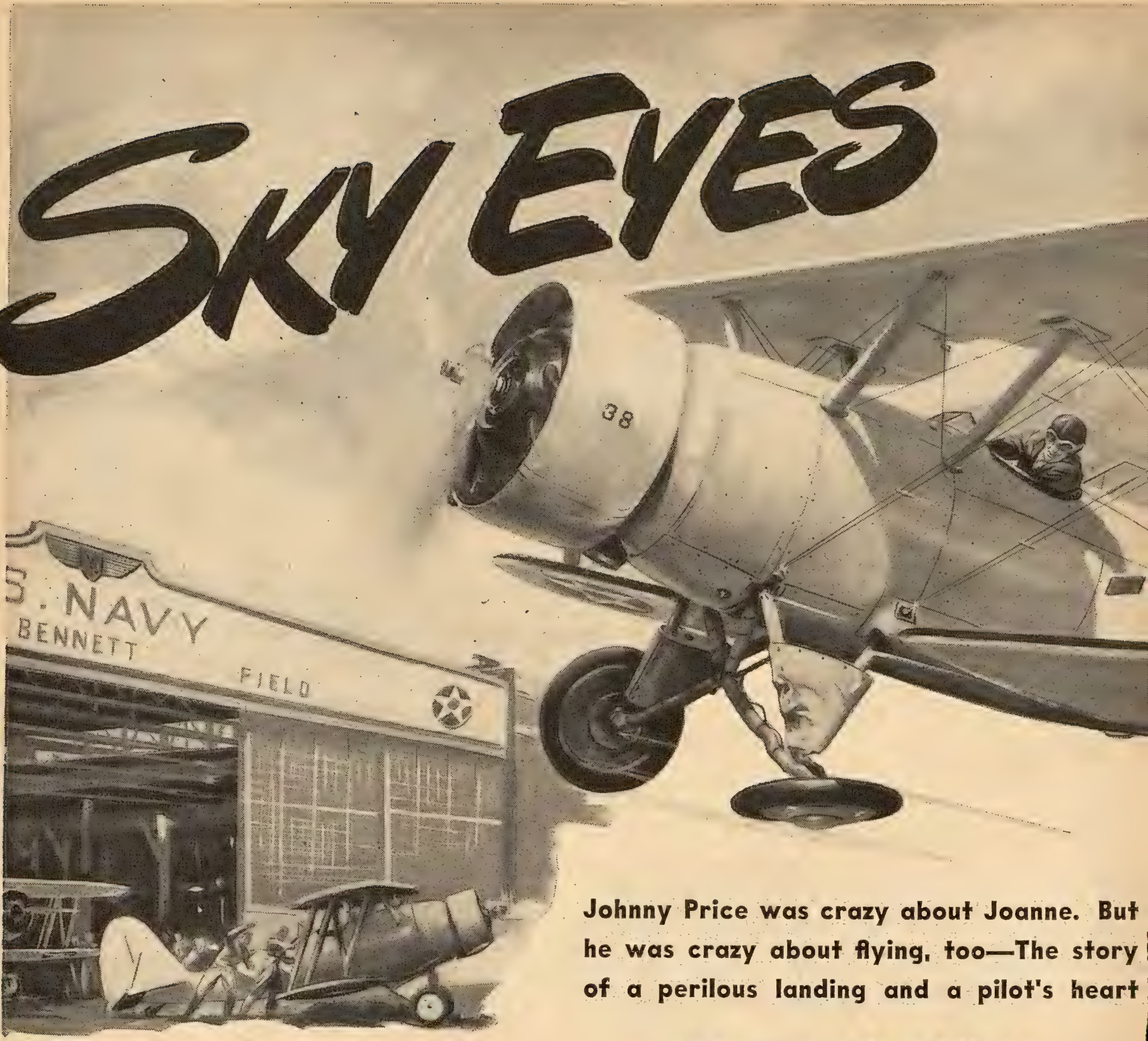
The grocer's horse that kicked him in the head years ago started something. He's been taking kicks in the head, from one kicker or another, ever since. A master of the sneak punch himself, he refers to attacks upon him as attempts to "blow the man down." He has been almost invariably unfortunate in his choice of biographers. One of them, eating with

(*Continued on page 56*)

Shaving mugs in the Stork Club barbershop. Winchell's mug is
he one Jimmy, his good friend and candid critic, uses on him.

In Washington, facing twelve fair disproofs of his statement that "there are no beautiful women in the government service."

SKY EYES



Johnny Price was crazy about Joanne. But he was crazy about flying, too—The story of a perilous landing and a pilot's heart

BY GORDON RAMSEY

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ EVER look for the best of something a long time without finding it, and then have it walk right up to you and say hello? It's a nice feeling. It's what happened to me five weeks ago, the day Johnny Price came into my office at Floyd Bennett Field and said he wanted to fly for the navy. I'm Lieutenant Stafford, on the Selection Board. My job's to help pick them for naval aviation—and I think I know officer material when I see it.

"Age?"

"Twenty-two, sir."

"Height?"

"Five ten, sir."

I filled in the rest from observation. Eyes, blue—deep and strong, with a flash in them like the flick of wings in the sun. Hair, light brown and wavy—close-cut on a nice head. Complexion, clear—and a good build to go with it, tall and broad and flat—all in all, that "extra something" for which the recruiting posters call.

"Better read it," I said as I shoved the application across the desk and saw him reach for a pen. "We ask a lot."

He smiled. "My mind's made up, sir—I'll sign anything."

"Read it," I said.

There's one paragraph that's tricky. In it the applicant states he is not married at present and, furthermore, agrees not to marry for two years. I pointed it out.

"Half sea gull, half monk—the monastery kind," I said. "Just be sure you can take it."

"I can take it, sir."

He signed his name, resolutely sure of himself and without reservations of any kind. Later in the day I certified him for preliminary physical, then for flight medical, then ordered him to raise his right hand while I swore him in as second-class seaman, V-5, U. S. N. R.

"Report for elimination flight training, Floyd Bennett Field, eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Nothing, sir—only I've got my things now, if . . ."

"Report at once," I said.

That's how we got Johnny Price. He walked in from the bus stop with his suitcase in his hand, all our requirements come to life—a natural. He looked all right in civilian clothes, but he looked better in the student flyer's outfit of khaki shirt and pants. Later on he was going to look classy in gold braid and wings. The course at Floyd Bennett is notoriously tough—but when Price finally got on the flight line and came down from his first ride with his face glowing and the whole blue sky in his eyes, there wasn't an officer at the school who wouldn't have bet his commission on Price's chances of getting through.

☆ AT about that time I left the station on a regular round-up of applicants. Three weeks later I got back to Floyd Bennett Field.

It was noon—not many people around as I turned the corner of the hangar and saw Johnny Price on the flight bench by himself. He was staring at the "Yellow Perils"—the N3N-3s, the training planes—lined up along the concrete apron. A strong north wind swept the field.

He jumped up and saluted. I looked at him close. Something was wrong.

"Chow-time, Price. Why aren't you eating?"

"Don't feel like it, sir."

His voice struck me as low and unsteady, not at all like it used to be. The shine was gone from his eyes, too, and I missed the proud set of his lips and chin which used to tell me the navy was the greatest show on earth and how glad he was to be a part of it.

"You're not sick, are you?"

"No, sir—I'm all right. It's just—I'm not hungry."

I knew how it was with young hopefuls at Floyd Bennett. They brooded about that last bad landing. They worried when an instructor bawled them out. Sometimes they got so blue they couldn't eat. But I didn't expect it of Johnny Price.

"I had my first check flight yesterday, sir," he said, as if that would explain something.

I looked at the flight board behind him. *Pearson—two up-checks, one solo, one wet.* A wet's the grand old ducking—thrown off the dock bodily, in flying togs and helmet, by shipmates who are glad you've made the grade. A quota's leaving for advanced training at Pensacola in a few days—Pearson will be in it.

Radowsky—one up-check. Good for Radowsky—he was slow at first.

Studds—two down-checks. Bad. No disgrace to it, but Studds was out—back in civilian life, with honor for having tried.

Price—one down-check.

I didn't want to believe it—but there it was, his name in chalk letters on the board and a little arrow alongside, pointing down.

"Tough break," I said, trying to be casual. "When's the second flight?"

"This afternoon, sir."

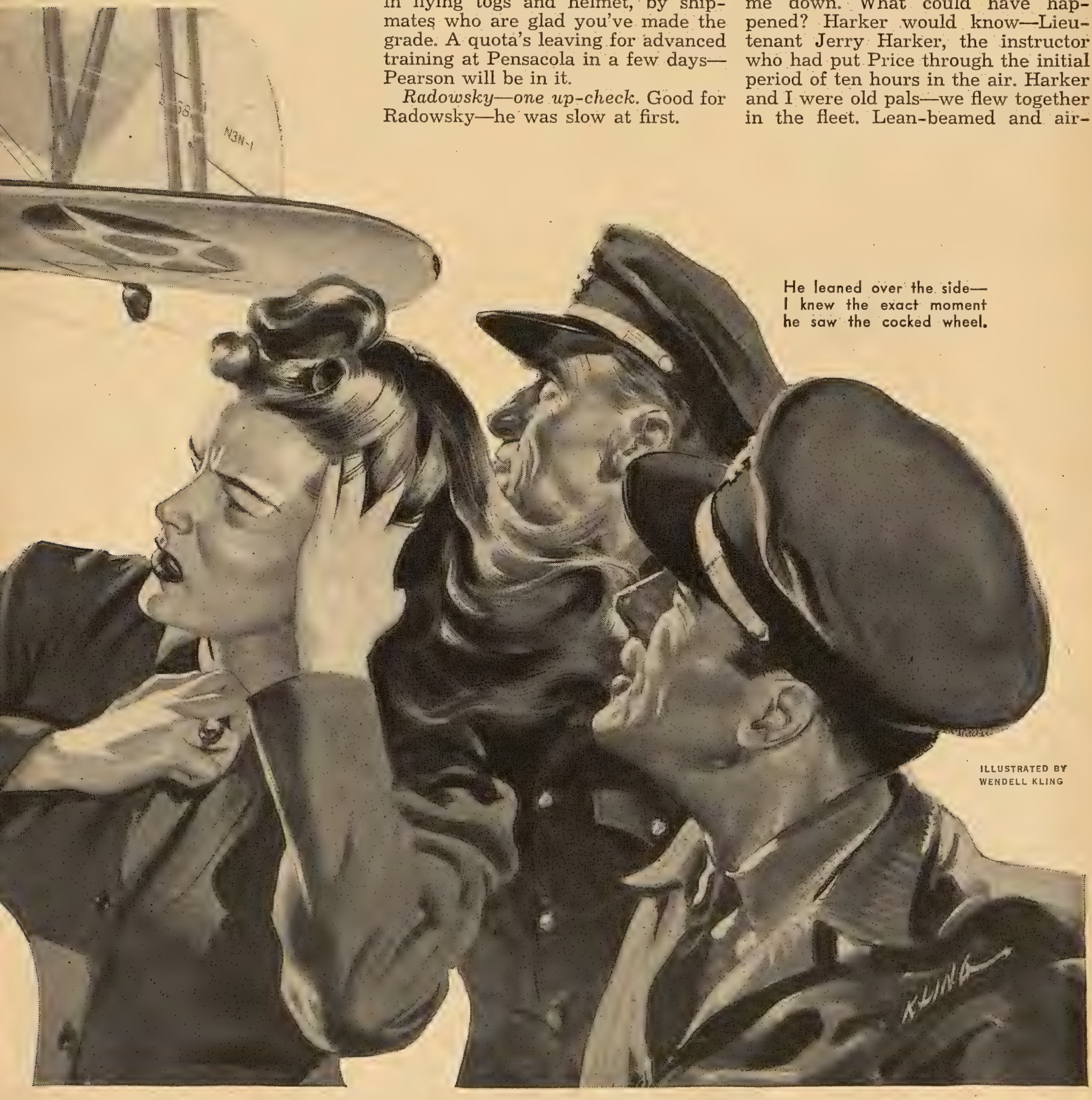
"Had a refresher warm-up?"

"Yes, sir—this morning."

"You can make it, Price. Then you'll rate a third flight, and two up-checks out of three put you in. Happy landings."

"Thank you, sir."

He saluted again as I turned away and bent my head to the wind. Somehow I felt hurt. I'd put "special trust and confidence" in Price, I'd made him a symbol, and now he was letting me down. What could have happened? Harker would know—Lieutenant Jerry Harker, the instructor who had put Price through the initial period of ten hours in the air. Harker and I were old pals—we flew together in the fleet. Lean-beamed and air-



He leaned over the side—
I knew the exact moment
he saw the cocked wheel.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WENDELL KLING

stitched, he was blunt and outspoken—but in such a square way the cadets liked him for it and thought he was tough but tops.

☆

IN the flight office is a poster plug for naval aviation—a tall handsome pilot in summer whites standing between his gray-haired mother and father. They're a nice old couple. Across the top it says "We're Proud of Our Boy"—and to me the idea comes through fine, but to Harker it's the bunk. He's hard-boiled. He looks at the poster and says things like "Well, Ma and Pa Studds—your boy can't fly. He's out on his ear."

Harker had company—a good-looking girl with thick blonde hair down to her shoulders and dark eyes set wide apart. Doing all right by himself, I thought—until I saw how tense the girl was, and how white her knuckles were as she pressed her hands against the chair.

"You know Joanne Winters, don't you?" said Harker after we'd shaken hands. "Joanne—this is Lieutenant Stafford. Joanne came in last month with the Show Bus—remember?"

I remembered. Who could ever forget her—how she stood straight and still on the Show Bus stage—slim, modest, yet deeply exciting—and sang old songs in a low, warm voice.

"Special occasion," said Harker, wanting to explain her presence. "An aircraft carrier's off the coast and all her planes are coming in this afternoon for landing maneuvers. The Show Bus is here for them." He put out his hand. "Don't go, Stafford," he said. "I'd like you to know about this. Joanne won't mind."

The color deepened in Joanne's face. She got to her feet and caught hold of the desk to steady herself as she talked.

"I don't mind," she said. "You were asking me about Johnny Price. Very well. Johnny Price and I are in love—I'm crazy about him."

"So that's how it is."

"That's how it is. I knew it the moment I saw him. He didn't know it until two weeks ago, at a party where we danced together for the first time. Last Saturday he met my folks—they like him too." Her voice was low and vibrant, the same as when she sings. "Is there anything wrong with that? Is it a crime to be in love?"

"No," said Harker.

"Say—what is all this?" I broke in. "I've been away—bring me up to date. What's happened?"

"Price is trying to make a fool out of the navy," said Harker. A direct statement. He meant it to be. "Yesterday Price went up for his first check flight, and sold it down the beam. He can fly if he wants to, but he doesn't want to. Not now. Instead he wants to get out from under that two-year agreement not to marry. He wants to get back into civilian life."

"That's not true," flared Joanne. "You know it's not true!"

Harker shrugged and picked up a paper from the desk.

"Here's the check pilot's signed report: 'Price preoccupied throughout flight. Swerved on take-off, failed to level for speed before the climb, skidded on the turns, overshot the field on landing.' Practically the full bill of complaints," he said, handing the sheet to me.

"It could have been honest," I said. Joanne gave me a quick grateful look. "Lots of men go to pieces with the check pilot—so much depends on what happens while he's aboard. And you know how Winthrop is."

Winthrop was the check pilot who'd put the down-thumb on Price. Winthrop kept himself aloof from the students. When they climbed into a plane with him they were up against a cold demand for efficiency, or else.

"I know. He's tough—the way he should be," said Harker. "If Price wants to break with the navy, why doesn't he break clean?"

"Has he had that chance?"

"No."

"Then let's put it up to him right now. Let's face him with it," I said.

"O. K. by me," said Harker. "That's fair to you, Joanne—and it's fair to the navy."

We went along the passageway and out of the offices into the wind. Joanne's hair blew straight out and showed the clean white curve of her neck. We passed some students. They snapped out a salute at us but their eyes were for Joanne, and they said "Boy, oh boy!" to each other when they got by. No wonder Price was crazy about Joanne. But he was crazy about flying, too.

☆

HARKER held on to his hat and stepped along faster. "Blowing up," he said. "What say we batten down?" But at the apron no orders had to be given, because the ground crew was already wheeling the N3N-3s into the hangar double quick.

"I sent student Price to taxi 38 in, sir," reported McGuire, chief aviation mechanic in charge. He pointed to a training plane parked on the edge of the field some distance away. "Quicker than rolling it in—and we're shorthanded."

"Students not allowed in planes alone until they've soloed," snapped Harker.

"That's what Price said," answered McGuire. "I threw paragraph one at him, page 9, Cadet Regulations—you know, sir, where it says, 'Since exigencies of the service may frequently require independent action . . .'"

"I know," said Harker.

"He saw my point," grinned McGuire.

It takes the navy years to make a man like McGuire.

Joanne watched Price run across the field toward the trainer. He climbed into the instructor's cockpit and started the motor. Somehow, excited perhaps, he forgot to let up on the brakes and so had trouble. Then he failed to unlock the tail-wheel swivel, and as a result got into difficulties on the big turn he had to make to head 38 into the shed.

"Yellow Peril is right—with him in it," growled Harker. "Look at what he does to an elementary maneuver."

A strong blast of wind hit suddenly at the field, tearing up the gravel and flinging it along like dust. Price had 38 headed full into the wind when the gust stabbed at him—hard—and got under his wing surfaces. The trainer reared back on her tail wheel like a scared and crazy bronc.

"There goes his fool neck," said Harker.

I felt Joanne's hand on my arm. I felt her fingers tighten through the leather sleeve of my jacket.

The plane swung backward to complete the loop. Only one thing Price could do—and he had sense enough to do it. He gave 38 the gun—all she'd take. She righted herself, picked up her tail, and began to fly—momentarily, more because of the wind than the engine. She cleared the corner of the hangar by inches and got out over the apron. Then the lull came—and she fell heavily into the hole.

With a heel and lurch her left wheel hit the concrete. Then 38 sprang into the air again with a lopsided bounce. This time she took hold.

"Holy Mike—look at his left wheel!" said Harker.

It was folded under like a flapjack. It was horizontal instead of vertical, and all Price had to land with on that side was the stump, carrying the wheel on its end like a big button. He made a wobbly circuit of the field and then nosed down for a landing. The crash siren screamed. Ground men rushed across the field, waving their arms and giving Price the signal not to land. Joanne hid her face in her hands and turned trembling away.

Price saw the signals and jerked back on the stick so hard he almost stalled the plane. He recovered just in time and leveled off for more speed before starting the climb. He leaned over the right side and then over the left—and I knew the exact moment he saw the cocked wheel, because suddenly he sat back hard in the seat and stared straight ahead, motionless and grim.

"Control tower," said Harker.

He led the way. Joanne and I followed. She was nervous and pale. She knew as well as we that the moment of danger had been merely postponed. What goes up has to come down.

☆

AT the control tower the officer in charge was talking fast into the mike, trying to reach Price and tell him what to do. He was circling the field at six hundred feet—high enough for the training level and as high as Price had ever been, but too low for comfort when in trouble.

"Your gas is low. You haven't much gas," Ellison kept saying. "Climb while you can and get over the tidal swamp to the west." He turned to us. "We've got to get him out of there. The fleet squadrons have already reported in and want a clear field."

"Why doesn't he answer?" said Joanne. "Why?"

"It's a one-way system on the trainers," I told her. "He can be talked to, but he can't talk back."

"Maybe he can't hear us," said Ellison. "We don't even know if he has a helmet up there with a headset attached. We're just hoping." He spoke once more into the mike, repeating his instructions and the warning about gas. "Waggle your wings if you understand."

"You can't tell by that," said Harker. "His wings are waggling all the time. He's fighting the wind."

"There's no helmet—there can't be," I said. "He's on his own." This startled Joanne, as if it meant some new danger for Price, to be cut off from what we could tell him from the ground. "Don't worry—he knows the choices," I added. "It's squarely up to him."

"Choices?"

She waited in puzzled silence for my reply.

"Well—either he loses his nerve and bails out, or he takes a chance and comes in on one wheel. All depends on how he feels about his own ability."

"He'll bail out," said Harker flatly. "Price doesn't have to wait for a second check flight to play dumb. He can do it now."

Ellison began with the mike again, this time addressing the fleet:

"O. K., Squadron 5—come in." He mopped his brow. "Nothing we can do for your man," he said. "He'll have to shift for himself."

We went outside again and from the apron watched Price spinning the field. Whatever he did he'd have to do soon—an empty tank and the arrival of the fleet would force him to make up his mind. It seemed so plain to me—bailing out was the last thing a man did, not the first. I didn't agree with Harker, but if Price wanted to throw the navy, as Harker accused, wasn't this his chance?

"Here they come, sir," said McGuire, pointing.

The leading ships from the aircraft carrier showed up in the east, small specks at first, but getting larger and more numerous and still more of them coming until the sky was full. Price couldn't delay any longer. He turned into the wind, gave 38 the gun, began to climb. At about six thousand feet he leveled off—and then any moment I watched for his body to drop from the plane and catch up short with a flash of parachute silk.

* * *

THE dive bombers roared in first. Three at a time, they peeled off in V formation and landed. Out jumped the pilots, bulky in parachute harness, white scarves blowing, laughing and shaking hands.

"Hi, Stafford!"

"Hi, Jack!"

Jack Carson, one of the navy's top pilots, a great guy! Good to see him again—and a laugh when he put up his hands as if to protect his eyes from the dazzle when he saw Joanne. A laugh—but not for Joanne. She kept her eyes on the little yellow speck circling above the incoming squadron of fighters.

"Boy friend," I said.

Carson nodded. He squinted up at the Yellow Peril—not much to look at, compared to the fast little battlers under it and the torpedo bombers coming along and the scout observations pulling up behind.

"What's the idea of the cut gun?" said Carson.

Price was flying without power. The yellow nose was down. The 38 had a cross-wind sway. She was losing altitude.

"No cut gun," I said. "He's out of gas."

"Ho-ly cats!" said Carson.

The fighters were on the spiral, coming down, and clear. But the torpedo bombers and the scouters had to veer right, keeping off the field until they could see what was happening. Why didn't Price glide west to the tidal basin? Why didn't he get out of the way?

Suddenly I saw what he meant to do.

"He's not bailing out," I said. "He's bringing it in."

"He'll kill himself," said Harker.

The crash siren began to wail again. The doctors picked up their bags. Even a veteran coming in on one wheel was gambling with sudden death. Price was a kid with only ten hours in the air. Ten, not a thousand. He hung to the tail of the last section of fighters, following them down. When they reached for the field he reached too, feeling for it gingerly with his good wheel. It smacked hard. It bounced and smacked again—all the preliminary makings of a nasty spill, the peg leg ready to punch a hole into the earth and toss Price for a bone-crushing loop.

* * *

HE clung to the controls and somehow managed to keep the left wing up and the peg leg off the ground while 38 fought for a rolling balance on the one good wheel. With speed she might do it, but she was rapidly losing headway and soon she'd fall below flying speed. Then—

Then Price surprised every one.

Instead of letting 38 fall over on the bad side, he threw her purposely the other way. He jerked the left wing up. The right wing went to the ground, digging a hole and grinding itself in. The wing tip served as a pivot, around which 38 spun a few times like a ship on the edge of a whirlpool—and then came to a stop, an immense sundial pointing its wings to the sky.

"Now that was smart," said Carson. "That was headwork."

I caught Joanne by the arm and ran with her to the ambulance. We jumped to the running board and hung on as the car streaked across the field. Price was out of the plane before we got there, unsteady on his feet, but able to stand.

* * *

"ARE you all right, Johnny?" said Joanne. "You're not hurt?"

"I'm all right," he said. He took her by the arms. "Look, Joanne—I've made up my mind, about us. It won't mix—I mean, we're making a mistake, being in love the way we are—"

"No, Johnny," she said. "Please—"

He shook his head. He was sure of himself.

"You saw them come in from the fleet, Joanne. That's the way I want to fly—more than anything else in the world. I've got a long way to go—there's Pensacola after this, with blind flying, night flying, pursuit tactics, gunnery, dive-bombing. I've signed up for two years not to marry—maybe it'll be more. That's a long time, Joanne."

"It's not forever, Johnny." She raised her arms and put them around his neck. She looked into his eyes—the sky was in them again, just like when he came down from that first ride weeks ago. "This is the way I found you, Johnny," she said. "This is the way I always want it to be. I can wait, Johnny—"

Maybe she drew his head down. Maybe he bent it. Maybe it was a little of both. But I saw the kiss coming and so turned away. . . .

Later, when all the ships had landed, I found Harker in the flight office, sitting at his desk, studying the poster he didn't like.

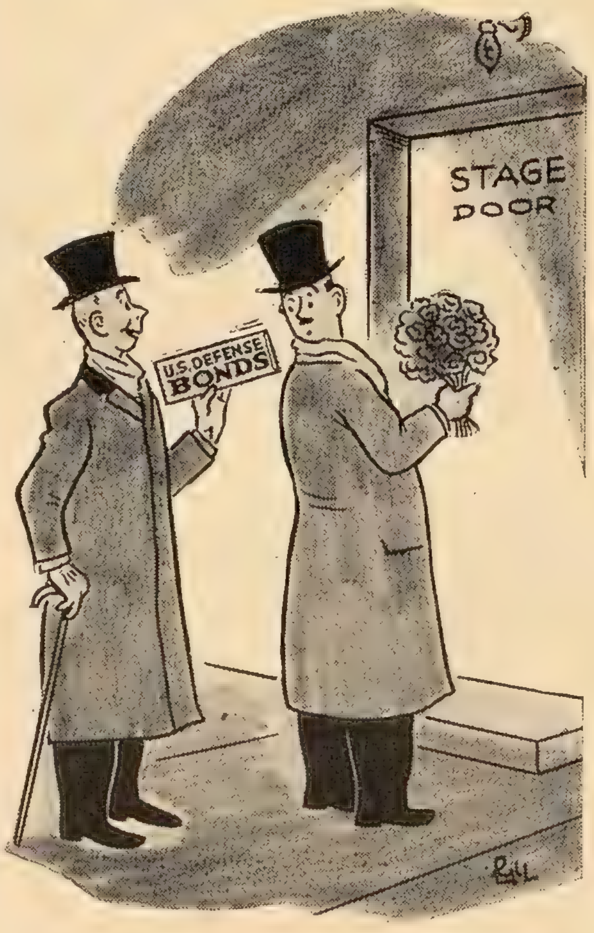
"How about Price taking his second check flight after the fleet boys shove off?" I said. "Maybe we could get him in that next quota for Pensacola."

Harker scowled. "Maybe I'm just being stubborn," he said. "But wouldn't it be better if I put him through a stiff warm-up first, just to get those damn bugs out of his flying?"

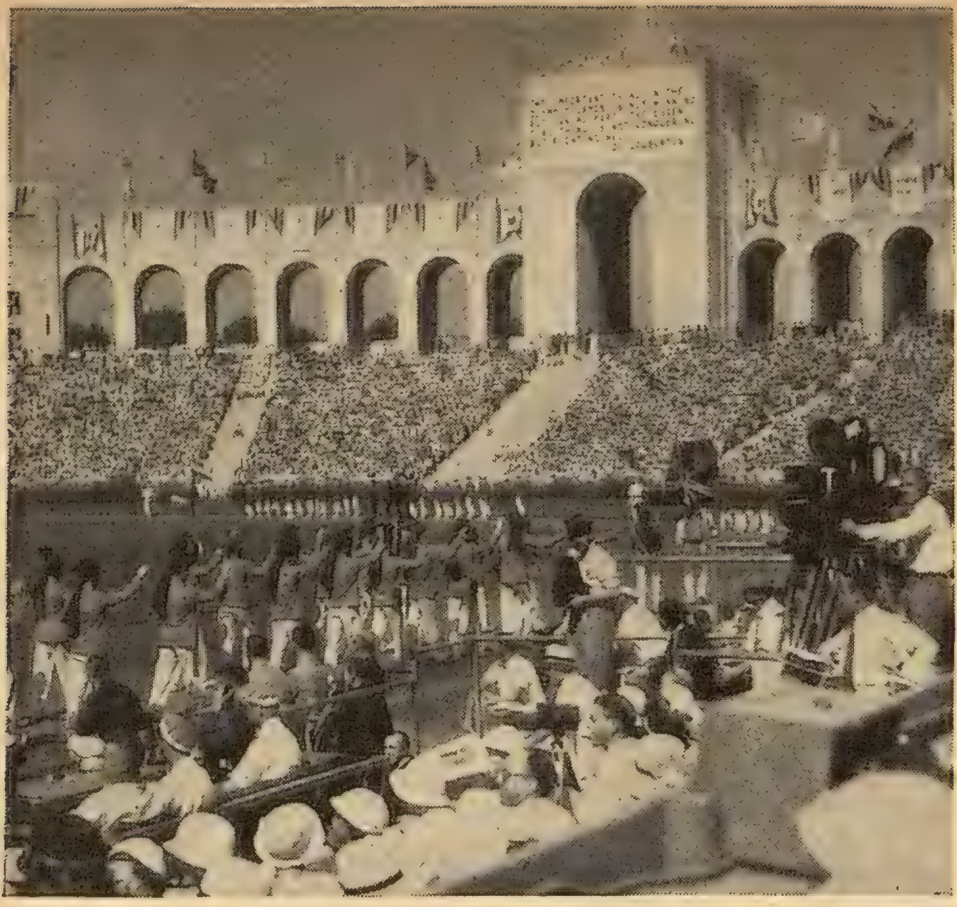
His eyes went back to the poster. Suddenly they softened a little, and his hand went up in salute.

"O. K., Ma and Pa Price," he said. "I was wrong about your boy—you've got a right to be proud. Ma and Pa Price my eye," he went on, correcting himself with a broadening grin. "That's Ma and Pa America!"

THE END



"I happened to find out she's patriotic."



ACME PHOTO

A great show in a free land: the Olympics of '32, in Los Angeles.

INT. NEWS F

A strange, fervent rite in Hitlerdom: the '36 Olympics, in Berli

A SPORTS WRITER'S PROFESSION OF FAITH

A Liberty newcomer looks ahead as America fights for the most important championship in history

BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I KNOW this is a magazine and not an experience meeting, but can a brother have even a piece of the floor long enough to make a ringing profession of faith?

It's about sport—team sport as we've known it in this land, and especially a certain pattern of it that's been exclusive with this land. Does it seem strange to see a sports writer trying to talk about faith? Well, maybe faith isn't exactly the word, but read on. . . .

We sports writers—typical slam-bang, Hi, guy! what's new? Americans—were uncomfortable in Berlin after the first three or four days. The majesty and magnificence of the Olympics didn't awe us. Most of us had seen three or four of these huge festivals. Practically all of us had the memories of the great Los Angeles show only four years behind us.

But this German interpretation—in fact, the entire German adventure—was subtly and strangely different. There was something emotionally baffling about it. Nobody was doing anything to us. Official Germany was doing everything for us. A couple of camp followers, becoming thoroughly illuminated on schnapps one midnight, went wall-eyed American and ripped a Nazi flag from a standard in front of the Berlin post office. The police took them and the flag to the nearest station house, where what corresponds to the sergeant in our civic gendarmerie bawled out the cops, bowed low to the by now considerably sobered Americans, and presented them with the flag as a souvenir, with the compliments of der Führer.

That's how far they were all bending backward. It wasn't said in so many words, but apparently we could get away with murder—if we'd mop up the blood.

And still there was something in the air that we couldn't define. It was tense and strange and uncomfortable.

It's easy to look back now, after six years, and see what it was. For the first time in our mature lives, we scions of liberty and freedom and luxury running even to license were up against a powerful, a unified, a tremendously horsepowered *belief in something,* a religious consecration to the worship of an individual. We could look, but we mustn't laugh. We could observe, but it was dangerous to scoff.

Laughing and scoffing were our constitutional rights. They were, furthermore, our principal stock in trade. What *was* this thing that we didn't dare kid? "The Olympics," yeah—but not the sort we'd seen at Los Angeles. California had staged the true exemplification of the Olympic ideal. There was nothing federalized or nationalized about it. Of course there isn't supposed to be.

The civic-minded Los Angelenos got themselves an Organizing Committee, after the fashion of any town setting up an American Legion national convention or a forgathering of Rotary Clubs. They sold bonds, built their stadium, their swimming pool, and the other appurtenances, including a huge village of collapsible cottages to house the visiting delegations. There it was. Anybody could ask, and find out, what anything cost. There were no soldiers lined up in flint-faced ranks. I don't even remember any cops. Boy Scouts were our guards and guides out there, and they were sufficient.

There was an hour or so of prescribed pageantry to celebrate the official opening in Los Angeles, but these services were entirely general in character. No particular nation, not even our own, was played up over any other. President Herbert Hoover, a native Californian and a sports-minded man—amateur sports-minded, anyhow—didn't even embrace the opportunity to visit his native state, though he was listed in the official program as honorary president of the Olympic Committee.

But here it was four years later, in another land, and although the words were the same, the melody was new—and martial! The throb came from drums, the beat from the iron-shod heels of the goose-stepping Brown Shirts.

Was that a stadium or a fortress? It could easily be both. What were those polo fields but parade grounds, those little concrete bleachers but reviewing stands? And their Olympic Village. That was no conglomeration of knockdown shacks waiting to be sold afterward for use as cottages or cabins. It was a permanent suburb of brick, steel, and stone. It was put there to stay—as an officers' training school, a German West Point, possibly? Weren't those machine guns rat-a-tat-tatting by the dozen over there beyond that copse? You couldn't fool an old soldier who'd heard those Boche typewriters talking all along the Marne.

What did this cost? Who had planned it? What were they going to do with it?

There was no way of finding out. The government had built it from government funds and with "work army" labor. The government would run it—and pay for it out of Olympic receipts. It had started the way the Los Angeles project started, with an Organizing Committee and all. But the government had taken over, and the head of the original committee had quietly blown his brains out in his office. That was the story, and part of it, at least, was true, for the man was found dead in his office with a bullet through his head.

For their opening ceremony, soldiers lined the streets solidly from the heart of Berlin to the gates of the stadium. Planes roared on high. That great dirigible the Hindenburg, that later exploded in this country, sailed around wearing swastikas that must have been fifty feet square.

When the hour came, a bugle pealed, and with solemn ceremony Hitler and his official entourage appeared at the top of a heroic sweep of steps. Instantly, and as if somebody had driven a bayonet suddenly up through every seat, to their feet leaped every man, woman, and child; every right arm shot toward him in the Nazi salute, and every voice solemnly intoned, "Heil—Heil—Heil" in time to his marching as he strode down those steps, up the field to what we'd call the fifty-yard line, and turned up into the stands to occupy, with his staff, a private balcony that constituted an imperial tribunal.

ACME PHOTO

Americans all, at Boston College: Vito Ananis.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Ananis' tight-linked teammate Pete Cignetti.

ACME PHOTO

Their stellar compatriot Henry Toczylowski.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

The fourth backfield star, Charley O'Rourke.

And nobody sat down until *he* sat down. Nobody left the stadium until *he* left. Nobody even seemed to dare laugh unless *he* laughed. Here was the amazing sight of what figured to be a representative cross section of a nation taking the cue, not only for every physical action but for every emotion, from one silly-looking little squirt with a Charlie Chaplin mustache, a cowlick, a pasty face, and the nervous jerks.

But there was veneration in it all. We saw their faces. Those weren't all the faces we saw, either. I stood watching 80,000 picked members of the Jugend—the Hitler Youth—as they marched past a reviewing stand and looked up, at command, at their Führer. These were their Boy Scouts of six years ago—their soldiers of today. I'll never forget those faces. There was awe, adoration, fulfillment in them. They were like your kid on Christmas morning when he first sees the loaded tree. I've seen the same look on the faces of our younger gentlemen at big fathers-and-sons banquets, as the daddies have brought the little fellows up to shake hands with Jack Dempsey or Babe Ruth. There was a lot of that in there. But there was more. There was worship.

I've heard our army officers who stood as official observers while Hitler's armies boiled over into the Low Countries and smashed on into France say they've seen those young German soldiers standing up in those tanks, actually throwing their arms toward heaven in a fair semblance of ecstasy. This was *it!* This was what they were born to do! If death was the price, so what? I can believe it. I saw it being bred.

I—we all—saw more; but that will give you the picture, perhaps, and I assure you it's a true picture. It added up to *believing in something* hard enough to sacrifice for it—those German civilians obviously didn't have much—to defy the world for it, to march forth gladly to die for it!

That something they believe in is, of course, the antithesis of everything represented in our way of life, and we now have not only to meet it and beat it but also to destroy it so utterly that it can never again come to life.

In a crisis of this sort, it's only common sense to take honest inventory. We must discover where our strengths lie, and be frank—with ourselves—about our weaknesses. It's only common sense again that we've got to meet belief with belief. We've got to believe in something, or in somebody, more strongly than the Germans believe in Hitlerism, if we hope to break their bodies and destroy their Hitlerized souls.

And so what *do* we believe in? What have we been doing and thinking and living through all these postwar years, while all this was cooking up under the aegis of Nazi direction? In terms of the old-time virtues, of clean, self-sacrificing, hard-working, long-planning, self-disciplined manhood and womanhood, we've wandered pretty far from the original pattern.

This nation of ours was started by a lot of earnest people who believed in some very sound and simple things. They believed in God, and that every man was entitled to his own interpretation. They believed in each other, in their common cause, in hard work and simple joys, helpful deeds and a heaven to come. I don't have to draw pictures. You won't have to think back much farther than the memories of your daddy and your granddaddy, the old-fashioned parlor with the family Bible on the table.

I don't have to draw pictures of the last twenty years, either. You know how far we wandered, what we forgot, how we softened in body and soul. You know what scenes we were bringing our kids up in—these same kids who must now fight Hitler's soldiers gun for gun, plane for plane, belief for belief.

Remember the wild wassails of the prohibition era, when with most Americans it was old-fashioned to know a pastor but a social necessity to know a good bootlegger—usually some greasy alien with a jailhouse pedigree? Remember "wild parties," "hip likker," hot movies, swell new magazines featuring dirty cartoons, tabloids featuring love nests and sex murders, such noble celebrities as Al Capone and John Dillinger?

It was we, don't forget, who were going for all this, with our kids standing around watching us. I'm not trying to get personal, to insult anybody. If this doesn't apply to you, it does to your neighbor. And if you never heard of it before, you must have been sick in bed for about fifteen years starting around 1920.

We gentlemen of this spohtin' life saw it into the number of millions and all over the nation. We saw it at the great events we covered, in the cities that housed them, in the homes of the most prominent citizens. That was America.

And maybe that was all right. We're no beadles nor tattletales. Most of us were doing the same things in our own homes. But I'm talking now in terms of the present challenge, of a stripped-down America trying to fight for its life. That's legitimate copy for a sports writer. It's a championship, the most important championship in the history of mankind.

Have we dependable, unbreakable moral and physical strength anywhere?

The answer is a ringing "Yes!" by God's grace, thanks to the playing fields of this nation. This isn't dragging a subject in by the heels, either, for the record is already being written in indelible letters of glory.

In team sport, as we've known it on sand lot, high-school and college fields, and even in the professional coliseums, the faith has truly been kept. There, almost alone in this luxury-softened land, has our otherwise leaderless youth sought and found discipline. There he's learned courage, sacrifice, devotion to an ideal, respect for the rights of others, submergence of self for the good of the whole, hard work, fortitude—in a word, manhood.

I'm no moralist, but many times in those hilarious years I stood in a dressing room as some college football team pulled on its armor, and thought how completely the little cluster of humanity there assembled differed from the fifty or sixty thousand assembled above, waving their bottles and shouting their bets. They didn't seem even to belong to the same race.

These young fellows were learning something vital to the future of this democracy that some of those above would never know. They were learning, for one thing, that no race, creed, or color has any monopoly on courage, decency, the willingness to sacrifice for an ideal, or any of the virtues so necessary for civilized living. They were learning it from the men they played beside and from those they played against.

That's important. It's especially important to us now, when our major problem is unity and search for a belief. These young fellows have at least one belief, and it's a mighty one. It's belief in each other.

I stood in a Bowl game dressing room, a New Year's or so back, and watched a team, largely composed of first-generation Americans, reacting to a talk by their coach. It wasn't a fight talk, in the accepted sense. He talked to them calmly, it seemed to me, about their college, this country of ours, the community they lived in, and themselves. I saw the tears start down most of their faces and their knuckles turn white as they hugged themselves tighter into a finite group of physical brotherhood.

The core of that mass of superbly conditioned young manhood was the center of the team, a big fellow named Gladchuk. He was a Russian, born in Russia. Tight around him, hugged as powerfully as muscles of steel could draw them together, were the four starting backs: Ananis, a Lithuanian; Cignetti, an Italian; Toczylowski, a Pole; and O'Rourke, an Irishman.

Football followers will recognize those names as belonging to the great Boston College team that went on to win a Sugar Bowl championship; but here they were a year younger, and piled in around them, bound with them in that tight hoop of arms, were representatives of ten or twelve other races that are also a part of this now challenged United States of ours.

Here it was! This wasn't theory. This wasn't some poet's words. This was physical, tangible, working democracy. One who saw couldn't help reflecting, as they broke for the door and started charging toward that field, cheering each other, urging each other on, that the relatives of most of them were already shooting at each other on the other side of the world.

And all because of the lack of something just like this—not a thing as trivial as football by itself, but some equivalent emotional appeal at some

(Continued on page 36)

WHITE STUDIO FROM INT NEWS

Athletic heroes: Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

"Trap" (in '42, Major Thomas J. H.) Trapnell.

ACME PHOTO

Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley, Subic Bay hero.

ACME PHOTO

Captain Wermuth, "one-man army of Bataan."

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MISSION TO MOSCOW

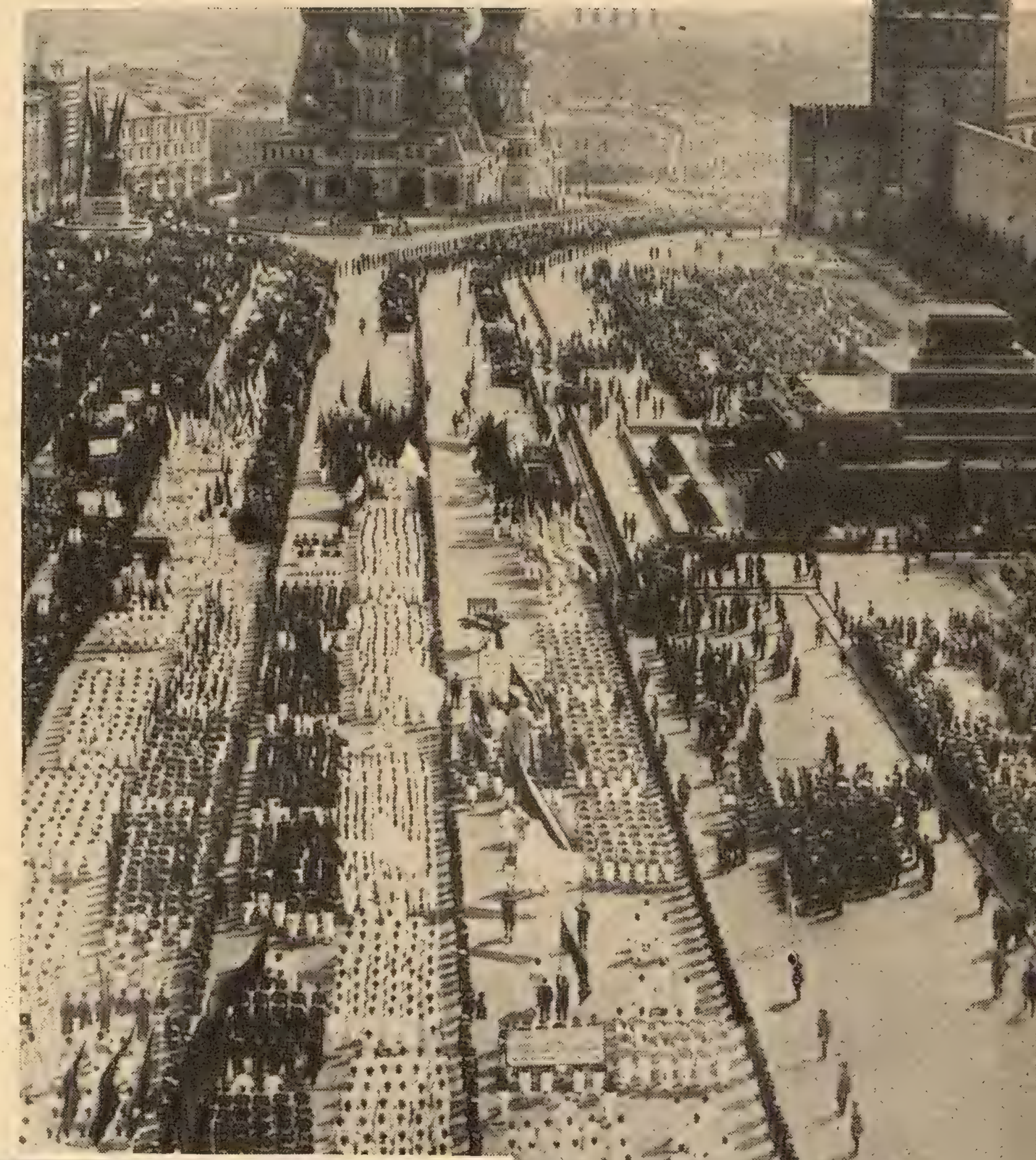
BY JOSEPH E. DAVIES

U. S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1936 to 1938

A streamlined condensation of a renowned best seller

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION



Letter to Sumner Welles:
Moscow, July 10, 1937

☆ A MAJOR operation is going on here. There are constant rumors of prominent people in all sections of life being in prison or liquidated. There are indications that the army will remain loyal to Stalin; and there are indications that France has lost faith in the power of her Russian ally. I was impressed in England by the general feeling that England would be in a sad state if she had to rely on France, with her internal weakness, and on Russia under present conditions. Opinion as to the strength of the regime here and of the Red army is the reverse of what it was three months ago. But they were not so strong as they were believed then and they are not so weak now as is supposed. There is much in what they have done to admire and respect. But the price they pay is too high.

Journal: *Moscow, July 13, 1937*

Reports reached Moscow of the shooting in the Far East of sixty-one

"Flaming youth," indeed!—on the backs of its mothers in a Day of Sports parade in Moscow's Red Square. At the right: Physical culturists march through the Square in a May Day parade.

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У НАС НЕ БЫЛО АВТОМОБИЛЬ-
НОЙ ПРОМЫШЛЕННОСТИ-
У НАС ОНА ЕСТЬ ТЕПЕРЬ.

SOVFOTO PHOTOS

Workers from the Stalin automobile plant salute, passing the Red Square reviewing stand.

"leaders and members of a Trotskyist-Japanese-German terroristic spy, diversionist organization working on the Far Eastern railways and supplying espionage information to a certain foreign intelligence service."

Letter to "Ekay" (daughter):

July 14, 1937

Your letter came on the day of another national celebration in Red Square—Youth Sport Day. There were almost as many women as men in the parade and in the exhibitions. It was "flaming youth," bareheaded and tanned to a deep brown, for the most part wearing only white shorts and colored jerseys. There were thousands of tanned soldiers with shaved heads, and two or three thousand athletes. Those from the Oriental section of the Soviet Union brought reed, horn, and drum bands which made weird music for their sword dances. There were companies of at least 1,500 skiers actually skiing. They apparently had ball bearings on their skis. On one float forty or fifty young men and women performed as they went moving by.

From addendum, written later:

The air-mindedness of the Russian people made a strong impression upon me. In every city of any size there is a "Park of Culture and Rest," and all have high towers for parachute jumping. On all "rest days" (holidays) these towers are crowded with children and young people. In Moscow it was said several hundred thousand young men and women won their lapel insignia for having completed three parachute jumps from an airplane from an altitude of 2,000 feet or over.

Confidential Letter to Secretary Hull:

Moscow, July 16, 1937

Immediately upon receipt of the Department's telegram I personally called upon Commissar Litvinov and urged strongly that it was incumbent upon the Soviet government to increase substantially its commitment for purchases in the United States over that of the preceding year; and that such commitment should not be less than $40,000,000. He stated that while he had nothing to do with the commercial treaty, he would take up the matter with those handling it.

Because of the "cleansing and purging" of the party and the government which is going on, and because of the "hate campaign" against all foreigners, it is unfortunate that the renewal of this commercial agreement should have come up at just this particular time. We have been agreeably surprised by the manifest desire to be fair to the United States, which is unique in the attitude of the Russian government toward foreign states.

Letter to Stephen Early:

Moscow, August 10, 1937

We did a good job for Cordell on the trade agreement—to get 33 per cent increased commitment for purchases of American goods for next year was quite an achievement. Great Britain, only six months ago, in order to get $50,000,000 of business, loaned a similar sum to the Soviet government on a long term and at a low rate.

Diary: *Moscow, July 23, 1937*

Today I sent a report on collective farming here to Henry Wallace. The government provides mechanical stations in each section with mechanized machinery for large-scale farming. The crops are divided among these mechanical units, the farm workers, and the state. I am told there are some so-called millionaire farmers, the farmer's share of the crop being so very large. In the enforcement of collective farming in 1931 and 1933, the farmers apparently struck and refused to produce more than their needs for the winter. When the government was taking its quota after harvest, the farmers protested that if the crops were taken they would starve. The government's reply was, that was too bad. It broke the strike.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:

Moscow, July 28, 1937

During the last six months the criticism by the Soviet press of conditions in industry has been so insistent and so drastic that the impression among observers here is that a serious breakdown of the economic industrial structure is imminent.

That there has been and is now a marked slow-up in all industry is undoubtedly true. These organizations are controlled and operated by the government and therefore are susceptible to political conditions; and for the past year those conditions have been particularly bad. In the man hunt for Trotskyites, spies, and saboteurs, scarcely an industry has not been shaken by prosecutions of its directors who were charged, rightly or wrongly, with these crimes. . . .

The entire country is in the throes of an impending political election. The party heretofore has been dominated by the industrial working class, about 20 per cent of the entire electorate. Under the new constitution the agricultural workers are placed on equality with industrial workers for the first time, and they constitute 80 per cent of the electorate. It is vital to the government to make a strong showing of popular support, and pressure is brought to bear on every branch of national activity, with consequent disorganization and inefficiency.

The Commissar for Heavy Industry stated to me that thus far they were not up to the requirements of the plan for this year, but were running ahead of last year; that in his opinion the results for the year would be substantially ahead of 1936. Following this conversation, I had the economic section of the Embassy run down figures from generally correct sources. It would appear that the facts do not justify the conclusion that a breakdown of the system is indicated.

The responsible leaders of the government appreciate keenly the menace of Germany and of Japan. Their industries have been so located as to indicate that the industrial plan was projected in part as a war measure. While not so efficient as the industry of capitalistic countries, it is probable that Soviet industry would give a very fair account of itself. The Russian bear is so big and rich in fat that he will waddle through.

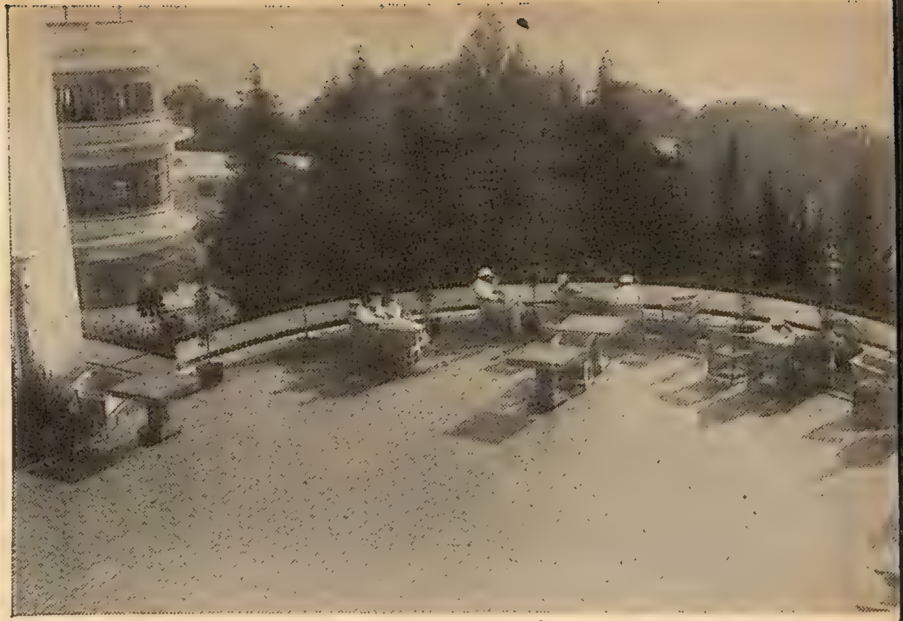
Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:

Moscow, July 28, 1937

The trial, condemnation, and execution of Tukhashevsky and seven Red army generals started all sorts of rumors. A hostile foreign press carried stories to the effect that the Red army was "marching on Moscow"; that it would make a demonstration in the west (Poland), etc. The rumor that Stalin is the "sick man of the Kremlin" is quite universally discounted. He has had some heart trouble, but has been seen only recently by the writer at close range, and he looks strong and healthy.

In diplomatic circles responsibility for these executions is not attributed to Stalin personally but to the party, through its leaders. Of course he is generally considered by far the strongest character. He is the type of "easy boss" who permits it to appear that his associates make their own decisions. In my opinion the authorities have conducted and are conducting a "cleansing and purging" activity,

The Sochi-Matsesta highway leading to Soviet seaside sanatoriums.



On the terrace: guests at one sanatorium for industrial worker

of which the execution of the Red army officers is a part.

The Red army is the only factor that could immediately overthrow the government; and it has been reported that much discontent has been voiced against alleged failure of political heads of industry to live up to commitments in deliveries. The Red army is only "all dressed up with no place to go," unless industrial conditions back of the line will support it. Small wonder, then, that ruthlessness was employed in establishing once and for all that the army was the creature of the political bureaucracy and not its master. To charge that generals were a party to the possibility of invasion by Germany was to mobilize the nation in support of the government. It is generally accepted in the Diplomatic Corps that the accused must have been guilty of an offense which in the Soviet Union would merit the death penalty. Stalin and the party leaders hit first. It is not generally believed that the morale of the army has been basically affected.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Prague, September 1, 1937

Following my talks with the President and yourself, I planned trips into the countries adjacent to the Soviet Union. One of the most valuable results was information indicating the plan that England and France had in mind looking to the preservation of peace in eastern Europe if an agreement as to western European peace were consummated between England, France, and Italy, and if Russia were left out. The idea was stated to my informant by Neville Chamberlain. As Hitler would not sign any treaty with Stalin, it was contemplated that as part of the Western Locarno arrangement Germany would enter into nonaggression pacts with the countries bordering on Russia. Conflict between Germany and Russia would thus be minimized because of this "neutralized" territory between them and a "roof" be provided for these two antagonists which would preserve peace in eastern Europe. This explains England's apparent recent advances to Germany, which seem to be at the expense of the Soviet Union.

The Kremlin is definitely playing down any possibility of active Soviet participation against Japan. There is no doubt in my mind that Russia is desirous of helping China. What deters her is fear of German attack as a result, and fear as to the solidarity of her eastern military forces.

Journal: *Paris, September 6, 1937*

It is reported that the Soviet government sent a strongly worded note to the Italian Foreign Office accusing Italy of responsibility for the sinking of two Russian vessels in the eastern Mediterranean. The Italian government repudiated responsibility, rejecting demands for indemnification and punishment of the guilty persons. No one doubts but that these attacks were actually made by Italian submarines on ships carrying supplies to Spain.

Acceptances of a Franco-British invitation to a conference on the prevention of piracy in the Mediterranean were received from the U. S. S. R., Greece, Egypt, Rumania, and Bulgaria. The Soviet government's reply inquired why an invitation was sent to Germany, which was not a Mediterranean Power, and demanded that Spain be invited.

Diary: *Moscow, October 7, 1937*

Ambassador Troyanovsky gave an account of conditions here that justified the executions. He described the naïveté of his people, even in the government, in extending their trust and making party membership a guaranty of reliability. He stated that the country was in fact infested with spies of hostile countries.

Troyanovsky is returning to the States. He is an able man, loyal to his chiefs and to his party.

Letter to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, November 15, 1937

November 6, 7, and 8 were designated as national holidays for the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Soviet Revolution. Members of the Diplomatic Corps who had seen previous celebrations of the kind noted the absence of slogans, transparencies, and picturizations assailing capitalistic countries and the Fascist enemies. Personally I noticed only three caricatures aimed at Germany. The events were well planned and were carried through on the minute. The formal occasions also were very well done. The show which the military and naval forces put on was impressive. The general report of the military attachés is that there seems to be a disposition on the part of the authorities not to disclose all the strength they may have. The most impressive feature to me was the demonstration of the marching workers. Several thousand civilians marched in company formation armed with rifles, but all in promiscuous civilian attire. They were called the Proletarian Rifle Division. During the military review there were probably four or five thousand marching men of the secret police.

It is the consensus here that the army is loyal, that the agencies of propaganda are working efficiently, that the party functionaries are either fanatic or cowed by the secret police, and that this government is, at least for the time being, firmly entrenched.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, November 9, 1937

Litvinov asked me to luncheon on Saturday. He was going to attend the Brussels Conference, exceedingly pessimistic as to its outcome. He was positive that China would not consider peace that involved relinquishment of her northern provinces to Japan; and stated that China could well carry on with a guerrilla warfare, in which case sufficient supplies would be available to her. The impression conveyed was that these supplies could go forward from the Soviet Union, possibly through Mongolia.

He stated that some time ago, according to his information, Germany had submitted to the Japanese Foreign Office the question of whether or not Germany should participate in the Brussels Conference, and that Hirota had replied in the negative. Japan had given her friends to understand that she did not wish any of them to seem to countenance the implied violation of the Washington Treaty. Some time before the Conference was called, the British Foreign Office had been approached by Japan, soliciting their action toward mediation. It was greatly disappointed when Japan refused to attend and brought every possible pressure to bear.

He outlined the attitude of the Soviet Union in the Nonintervention Committee: it could not assume any responsibility in connection with the British-French plan, but would abstain from voting rather than vote against it and hamper possible results toward peace. It would be better, he said, to be isolated and to be right than to be wrong in good company and foolish as well; and the Soviet Union was prepared to be isolated.

The menace of war is being propagandized insistently. A large section of the Commissariat for Heavy Industry has been placed under the administration of the army. The masses are war-conscious and apprehensive.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, November 11, 1937

Litvinov was extremely enthusiastic regarding the President's Chicago speech, but expressed doubt that the United States would be able to bring about practical justice to China at the Brussels Conference. The British and French at Geneva had "hidden behind the United States," he said. They held that they could do nothing unless they had assurance of the active participation of the United States; and he suspected that they represented themselves to the United States as insecure as to what the attitude of the Soviet Union would be. He said his government was prepared to take a strong stand if it were in co-operation with France, England, and the United States; that it was seriously interested in the immediate establishment of collective security and peace.

Journal: *Moscow, January 19, 1938*

The Soviets are certainly spy-conscious. M. Molotov publicly denounced certain foreign consulates, "engaged in hostile anti-Soviet spying activities on Soviet territory," and warned Japan that the Soviets would "end Japanese hooliganism on the Far Eastern frontier."

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, March 4, 1938

Commissar Litvinov inquired as to the effect of the President's speech at Chicago and the status of public opinion in the United States with reference to the policy of isolation. He expressed the opinion that Hitler and Mussolini had Chamberlain on the spot; that Chamberlain would have to make good before his public by effecting some arrangement; that the dictators would either drive a hard bargain with him so as to make it impossible, or he would be required to make a paper peace that would amount to nothing more than a sham for home consumption.

Diary: *Moscow, March 2, 1938*

The treason trial of the "rightists," Bukharin, Rykov, and group, opened. It was difficult to look upon the prisoners in the box without shrinking. There were Krestinsky, Undersecretary of State, to whom I had presented my credentials a year ago; Rosengoltz, former Commissar of Trade, with whom I had lunched a year ago this month; the heart specialist who had treated me professionally, and the Secretary of the Treasury. They sat not more than ten feet from me. I hope they saw the sorrow which I felt in seeing them under these conditions.

Confidential to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, March 17, 1938

After daily observation at the trial, it is my opinion that so far as the political defendants are concerned, sufficient crimes under Soviet law were established beyond reasonable doubt to justify the verdict of guilty of treason, and the punishment provided. The opinion among diplomats was general that there had been an exceedingly serious plot.

Fifth Columnists in Russia: a Study in Hindsight—1941

None of us in Russia in 1937 and 1938 were thinking in terms of fifth-column activities. The well informed suspected that such methods might be employed by Hitler; but it was one of those things which many thought just couldn't really happen. Looking back, I found that practically every device of German fifth-columnist activity, as we now know it, was laid bare at these trials of the self-confessed Quislings in Russia. The Soviet government believed that these activities existed, and had proceeded to crush them. Voroshilov, Commander in Chief of the Red army, said, "It is easier for a burglar to break into the house if he has an accomplice to let him in. We have taken care of the accomplices." When the German invasion came in 1941, there were no fifth columnists—they had shot them. The purge had cleansed the country of treason.

Diary: *Moscow, March 14, 1938*

On the night of Hitler's invasion of Austria (March 12) we had dined with Minister Feirlinger of Czechoslovakia. I was awakened in the middle of the night by his telephone call, advising that "it had come." Hitler had marched.

Memorandum to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, March 23, 1938

Commissar Litvinov told me that the German minorities in Czechoslovakia were exerting pressure on Hitler to move in that direction; that Czechoslovakia might voluntarily yield to Germany because she had no confidence in France. He thought that within a very short time a Europe dominated by Fascism would be opposed only by Great Britain in the west and the Soviet Union in the East.

Diary: *Moscow, March 26, 1938*

I was told by Commissar Litvinov that Stalin was arranging to see me before my departure. It is said he has never seen an ambassador formally.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, April 1, 1938

One fourth of the national revenues were appropriated last year to war purposes. Industrial organizations directly connected with war requirements have been recently placed under army control. Annually 1,200,000 youths are called to the colors for training. There are rumors of roads and fortifications being secretly and hurriedly built all along the western frontier. Stalin's speech a year ago pointed out the hostility of all capitalist states and that the U. S. S. R. was surrounded by enemies. There have been disclosures of alleged espionage. Foreigners all last summer were being expelled. The consulates of fourteen nations were closed.

Letter to Stephen Early:
Moscow, April 4, 1938

I do not think the world is in any real danger from Communism for many years to come. Communism won't work. This government is a Socialism. Whether Stalin or some one else runs it, in my opinion these people are going to be an increasing force in world affairs. Science and capital have shown the promised land of higher standards of living.

Report to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, June 1, 1938

In the Ukraine, the Crimea, and the Caucasus the great mansions of the moneyed classes of the old regime have been converted into sanatoriums. The trade-unions, the Red army, and other organizations have built exten-

At Sochi on the Black Sea: the beach of the U. S. S. R.'s "Sanatorium Riviera."

sive plants in the subtropical region. It is near Sochi on the Black Sea that Stalin has his summer home. Sochi is the center of hospitalization for heart conditions, and is considered the show place, of its kind, of the Soviet Union.

Journal: *Moscow, June 4, 1938*

I have the impression that the attitude of Russian diplomacy is definitely hardening toward Japan and more aggressive than last summer. Litvinov recently advised me that the Japanese were extensive buyers of Soviet rubles "outside," and that in his opinion Japan was procuring them for purposes of bribery in the East.

Letter to Miss Davies: *Moscow, June 5, 1938*

Making my formal parting calls (before going to Brussels as Ambassador) I went to Premier Molotov's apartment in the Kremlin. I was almost struck dumb with surprise to see the door open and Stalin come in alone. He greeted me cordially with great simplicity but also with a real dignity. His brown eyes are kindly and gentle. A child would like to sit in his lap and a dog would sidle up to him. He has a sly humor and a great mentality—sharp, shrewd, and above all else wise, it appears to me. The conversation ranged over the whole field of conditions in Russia, problems of the United States, personality of President Roosevelt, the European situation and the Far East.

We joked and laughed at times. I said I had always made it clear to members of the Soviet government that I was a capitalist, and he said laughingly, "Yes, we know you are. There can be no doubt about that." I asked, "How much do you suppose I pay to the government in income taxes alone every year? More than 60 per cent, whereas Mrs. Davies pays more than 72 per cent." This obviously surprised him, for he looked at Molotov with a smile and Molotov nodded.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull: *Moscow, June 9, 1938*

In regard to the proposed construction of a Soviet battleship by an American firm, Stalin said that his government could not understand why the matter could not go forward; that they were prepared to pay cash both for the ship and for the technical aid of American firms in building a duplicate in the Soviet Union; that the employment this would afford would be desirable, as he was informed that our shipyards were only 60 per cent employed. I rejoined that he was misinformed as to that, for the government of the United States had recently embarked on a huge shipbuilding program; and that restrictions imposed by law would require the army and navy to rule on whether such an undertaking would be prejudicial to the defense of the United States; but that I thought the matter had recently given indications of going forward more rapidly. Stalin said that if the President wanted it done he felt sure that army and navy technicians would not stop it. . . .

He then brought up the possibility of settlement of the Kerensky debt. He said the Soviet government could not settle with the United States private claims of American citizens against either itself or the Czarist regime without being obliged to make equally favorable settlement with England and France as to similar claims; and this would entail too great a burden. But the Soviet government could differentiate a debt of the Russian government to the United States government from one claimed due to the latter's private citizens. As to the amount, he said the Kerensky records were not clear. I rejoined that I could ascertain, because I knew ours were clear—and it was our money they had received. This caused a general laugh.

After further discussion I asked whether it would be possible for them to confine the proposal to the Kerensky debt as a governmental debt and leave the other claims to the future. Stalin finally said that was agreeable. It was understood that I was not purporting to say what would be acceptable to my government.

AUTHENTICATED NEWS PHOTO

Soviet Ambassador Litvinov (back to camera) visits former Ambassador Davies (at left) in the "picture room" of the Davies' Washington home.

Journal: *En route to Berlin, June 11, 1938*

On June 9 Molotov told me he had taken the matter up with his government associates and Mr. Stalin, and that they had agreed upon a written proposal of the debt settlement, which he gave to me. He explained that this was done purely to clear up the misunderstanding with the United States. He asked that it be kept out of the diplomatic channels and be negotiated direct.

Letter to Mrs. Millard Tydings (daughter): *Moscow, June 10, 1938*

On the evening of June 7, Foreign Minister Litvinov gave a large dinner in our honor followed by a reception of the Diplomatic Corps. Before drinking the health of the President of the United States and his honor guests, Litvinov gave a simple but thoughtful talk in perfect English. He said: "You devoted much of your time and your great energy to the study of this country. We appreciate it very much. We do not like being just looked at, preferring to be studied and, of course, to be properly understood. . . . I flatter myself that there is a great deal of latent mutual sympathy and respect between the peoples of our two countries."

Letter to Stalin: *Brussels, September 10, 1938*

. . . Concerning the debt question, it is to be regretted that the exigencies of the moment in my country make it advisable temporarily to defer further discussion. The President and Secretary Hull were most favorably impressed with the spirit which you and the government of the Soviet Union manifested in a desire to complete in spirit the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement. The President hopes that some arrangement can be worked out later. It was a matter of gratification to me that the battleship matter has been worked out.

Confidential Report to Secretary Hull: *Moscow, June 6, 1938*

The strength of this regime is found in the resolute, bold, and able leadership of Stalin. A serious issue might develop over possible intrusion of the U. S. S. R. through the Comintern into the local affairs of the United States, but that has been measurably eliminated by the agreement entered into between President Roosevelt and Commissar Litvinov in 1934. . . .

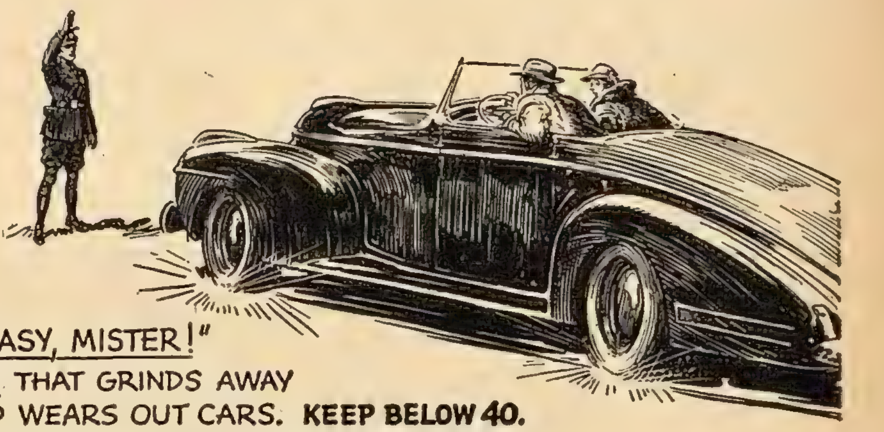
In my opinion there is no danger from Communism here, so far as the United States is concerned. I expect to see this government move constantly more to the right. A common ground between the United States and the U. S. S. R. is the fact that both are sincere advocates of world peace.

THE END

Care for your Car - for your Country

FRANK GODWIN

"WHO, ME?" YES, MR. MOTORIST— YOU CAN DO YOUR BIT TO WIN THE WAR! AS YOU DRIVE, REMEMBER AMERICA'S NEED FOR TANKS AND PLANES AND THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSERVING THE RUBBER AND METAL TO PROVIDE THEM. **TODAY, YOUR CAR AND TIRES ARE NATIONAL ASSETS.** GUARD THEM. GET MORE MILES BY KEEPING THEM IN FIRST CLASS CONDITION—BY MAKING SURE THEY ARE PROPERLY CARED FOR. YOUR **TEXACO DEALER** WILL HELP.



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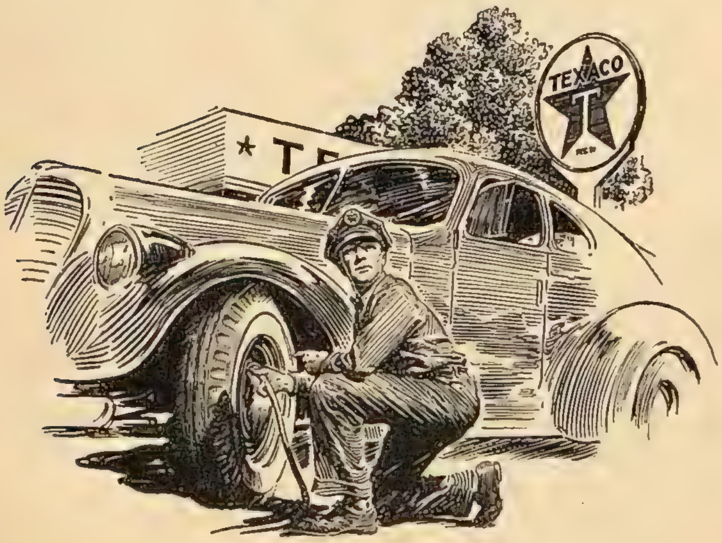
IT'S SPEED THAT GRINDS AWAY TIRES AND WEARS OUT CARS. **KEEP BELOW 40.** AVOID SUDDEN STOPS AND STARTS, AND FAST SQUEALING TURNS THAT ROB YOU OF TIRE MILES.



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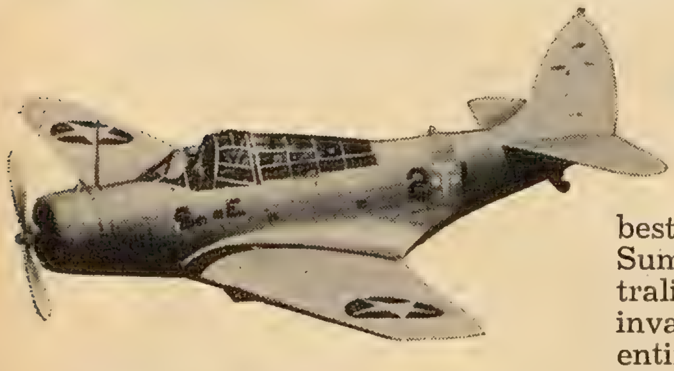
WHAT CAN WE THINK ABOUT OUR NAVY?

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE (ret.)



READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES

☆ HAD you told a thousand of the world's leading naval authorities that Japan could receive Great Britain's declaration of war on December 8; declare a blockade of Hong Kong the same day; bomb the British airfields of Malaya on the 9th; sink the flagship of the British Far Eastern Fleet, the mighty Prince of Wales, and the powerful battle cruiser Repulse with torpedo planes and bombers on the 10th; capture Hong Kong on December 25; occupy the best part of Malaya; attack Borneo, Sumatra, and Java, and bomb Australia itself; capture Singapore and invade Burma—the answer from the entire thousand authorities would have been unanimous: *Impossible!*

Had you added that at the same time Japan would declare war on the United States by a sudden attack on the American fleet and airfields at Hawaii, and would capture Guam, Wake Island, and Manila in a month, the answer would have been: *Crazy!*

Yet that is what Japan did—and did by using *two American inventions,* the airplane and the torpedo plane. With these she reduced British and American strongholds which were supposed to be capable of withstanding Japanese assaults for years.

Little wonder, therefore, that the public mind has been disturbed by questions. What can we know about what has happened? What can we believe about the future?

What has happened? It began happening at Versailles. There Japan was given mandate over vast island areas which lay across our line of communications with the Philippines. We should never have agreed to that.

It continued happening at the Washington Disarmament Conference. There, in misguided idealism, we made a strange sort of "bargain." In order to get naval reduction and Nine-Power (including Japanese) guaranty of the territorial integrity of China, we agreed not to increase our military and naval establishments in *our own territory* in the Far East! We virtually abdicated Philippine defense.

It continued happening a decade or more ago, when Japan tore up that treaty and we didn't declare our part of the "bargain" therefore canceled. It is unfortunate that so many statesmen so seldom seek or take the advice of naval and military leaders—until war has come! (Meanwhile, if we speak out in warning we are "militarists.")

Naval leaders—as a member of the General Board and Chief of Naval Operations, I was one of them—had studied the problems of war with Japan before and during World War I. Even then we had considered the possibility, or *probability,* that the enemy would take the Philippines before we could arrive in force. Then we greatly weakened our chances of early successes in war, as above noted. Finally, when we reversed this "disarmament policy" to which we had adhered so long in the face of a quarrelsome potential enemy, we needed for the repair of our mistakes more years than were given to us.

☆ AMONG naval and military leaders, therefore, a bad start for us in any war launched by Japan has been expected; indeed, it was considered inevitable. This does not dodge the hard fact that the speed, extent, and precision of execution of the start of Japan's overseas blitz has been surprising. Let's examine and analyze the significance of what has happened.

Our island steppingstones to the Orient—Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam—constituted an "air-power bridge" over which big bombers could pass.

The Japanese knew we hadn't in production as yet bombing planes able to fly from the United States to the Philippines direct with military load. Such planes might be in production in a few months. They knew it would be dangerous to wait. They knew, too, that any planes big enough for the 2,400-mile hop to Hawaii could do much more than merely reinforce the Philippines. A stream of these giants could fly onward to Hong Kong, 800 miles beyond Manila; to Borneo, not much farther; to Singapore, 1,500 miles; and to other British and Dutch outposts rich in rubber, tin, oil, and other materials so urgently needed in wartime.

Japan's armies for conquest must be sea-borne—thus, especially vulnerable to air attack. American air power, in the form of Flying Fortresses and large seaplanes, constituted the quickest and most dangerous reinforcement which could be thrown into the war in the Orient across trans-Pacific distances.

Hence the supreme strategic importance of Japanese destruction of the far end of our "air-power bridge," following surprise attack upon Pearl Harbor, where the Japanese accomplished only a part of their objective. For one thing, they hoped to cripple or sink airplane carriers. However, their destruction of big planes of ours and their closing of the "bridge" disrupted not only Philippine defense but also the general Allied plan for meeting the first thrust of Japanese attack. Had that bridge remained open, Hong Kong would not have fallen, nor Sarawak, and the enemy could not have moved so freely elsewhere.

I am convinced also that with fifty torpedo planes for attack upon troopships and accompanying warships, and fifty of our best type of fighters to deal with their air units, we could have prevented or at least greatly delayed and restricted Japanese landings in the Philippines.

The account of the heroic defense of Wake Island by a handful of marines with only twelve planes accords a yardstick with which to measure what might have been accomplished in the Philippines if it had been possible to send additional air effectives.

From a purely naval standpoint, the sinking of a Japanese cruiser and six other Japanese warships, and the holding out against the powerful Japanese air force and landing parties from December 8 to December 22, was an important demonstration.

Another serious loss to Allied defense, the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse by alternate bomber and torpedo-plane attack, the latter being decisive, sufficiently demonstrates the method by which Japanese invading sea-borne forces could have been met.

☆ HERE let us recall some facts. When we were attacked at Pearl Harbor and in the Philippines, we'd had no experience in war in twenty-three years; and, as Mr. Churchill pointed out, we had weakened ourselves to send the tools of war across the Atlantic for use against the Axis powers. By contrast, during many years Japan had almost continuously perfected herself in the art of war—by making war. While that does not excuse us, it explains much.

However, in Malayan waters Japan met Britain, schooled by experience in the new kinds of war—land, sea, air—and in naval operations under threat of air attack; and the blow to Britain was the more surprising and more significant. Though why the Prince of Wales and Repulse were without airplane protection, and why their destroyers were about two hours distant, is inexplicable.

Curious also that the torpedo planes which struck this blow were British in design, a Blackburn model, built under license in Japan!

On the twenty-ninth day of war the enemy felt the force of surprise attack by American four-motored bombers. Off Davao, southern Philippines, three direct hits were scored on a Japanese battleship and other serious damage was done to a large fleet of transports and escorting warships. And, be assured, our big bombers have the necessary flying range and can move in a steady stream *eastward* to the war zones of the Orient. True, we cannot immediately be as well based as we'd like for the carrying of blitz to the homeland of those who have launched it against us. But ways will be found to press this war home.

Sitting back and taking the long view, looking ahead, what can we believe about our armed forces?

First of all I stress this: For some time, at least, for us this war will be a combination of naval and air action. The tools of naval war are incredibly costly. We have the gold, the wealth, the materials. Japan has not; while Germany and Italy were hard pressed to maintain the expenditures necessary—in terms of gold and matériel—in the wars fought *before* their declarations listed us among their enemies.

Another great factor in our strength is that we are an inventive and ingenious people. The Japanese are not: they are imitative. Even the Germans have but adapted the war weapons invented by other peoples, many by Americans. Time will prove that this counts heavily.

☆ WE are fortunate to have in the White House Franklin D. Roosevelt. As a young man he recognized our need of naval power and the potentialities of the air arm. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1916, for instance, he was the first official to approve demonstration of my torpedo-plane invention of 1912. Even during the difficult depression days he started the rebuilding of our navy, so largely neglected during fifteen years. He sought further increases as soon as the naval limitations treaties expired, and as a result the United States now has a growing two-ocean navy, while we are producing additional ships at a speed undreamed-of heretofore.

We have a skilled and highly trained naval personnel. As the result of much practice, we're mighty good shots. Frequency of exercises and big "war games" have given to our individual warships and to our fleets the precision of action upon which success in any naval engagement depends. In years past we had appropriations permitting only a part of our ships to be fully manned. Now we've increased enlisted personnel to 145,000, 232,000, 300,000 as dangers grew; and the next stage will be 500,000, plus 104,000 for the Marine Corps.

We have the world's best Naval Air Force by a wide margin. This has been one reason for Japan's anxious search for our carriers at Hawaii and elsewhere. We are three to five years ahead of the rest of the world in designing and building large bombers of the landplane type and long-range seaplanes, both of which are "eyes" for the Navy, scouts, and bombers.

We have long developed the strategy and tactics of the use of big seaplanes with tenders or "mother ships," whereby island-sheltered, relatively smooth water anywhere may become an air base. And thus we can push out a "front" for both observation and bombing attack; such planes operating alone or in conjunction with

(*Continued on third page following*)

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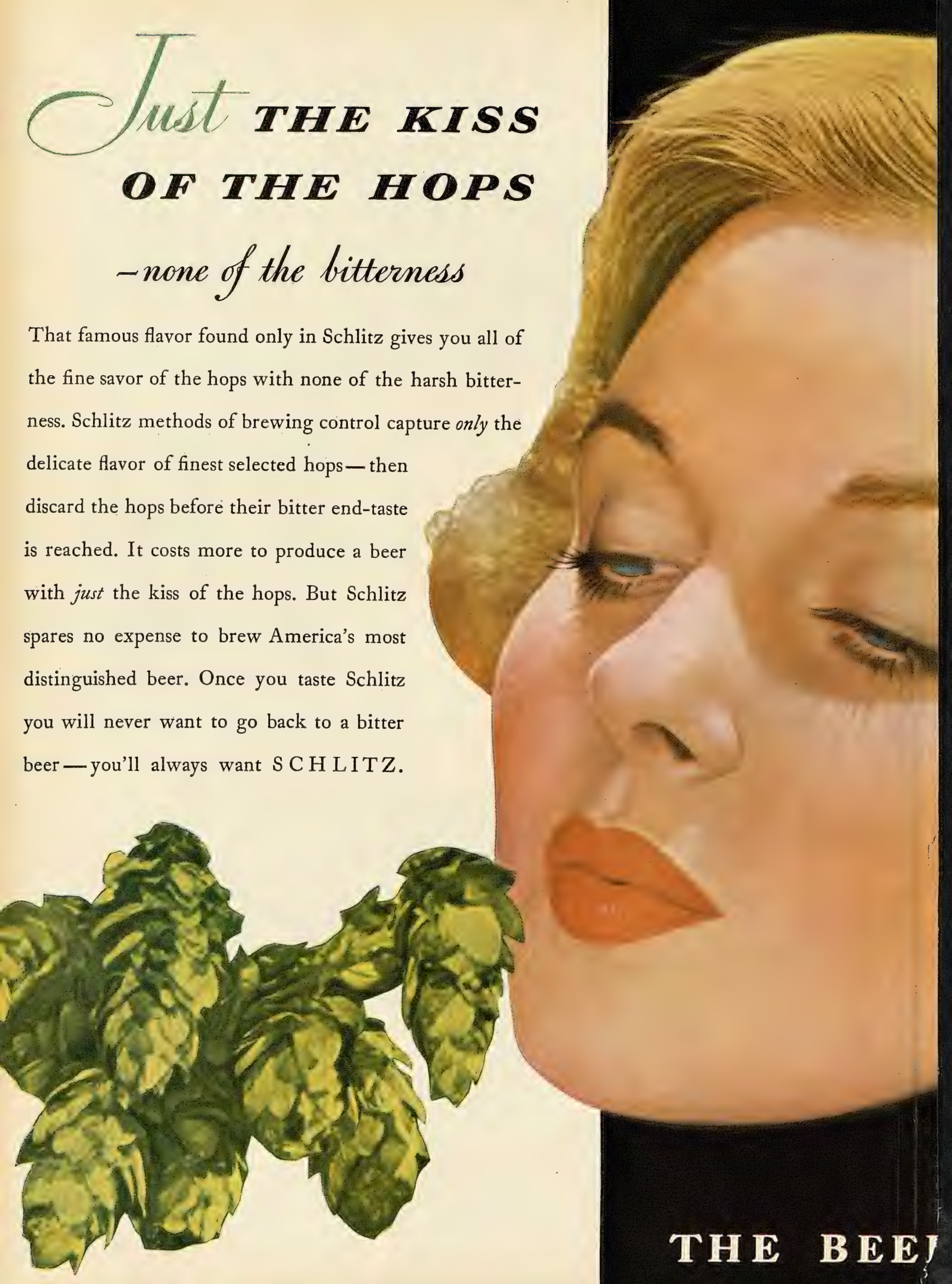

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(*Continued from third page preceding*)

warships hundreds or even thousands of miles from our shores. So used, our big flying boats are both offensive and defensive weapons. On defense patrol they guard against surprise attack by enemy warships upon our coastal cities and bases. On submarine patrol, they force U-boats to travel much of the time submerged and at slow speed, thus reducing their range of operations.

Note that the technique here indicated can be used—and relatively quickly—in European waters against Germany and Italy. In the Orient such tactics, as well as surface naval operations, become more dangerous for Japan as her reach for conquest extends, making longer and more vulnerable her lines of supply.

Behind us, too, are nearly thirty years of development of torpedo planes and tactics for their use. These may be expected to strike at enemy warships anywhere. Under the President's 1942 air program there can be forty to one hundred torpedo planes at each of our naval stations, at alert, ready to attack any enemy warships approaching our coast lines—as the Prince of Wales and Repulse were attacked, effectively. You can be quite sure that our torpedo planes are superior to that Japanese copy of an English model.

Then of course we can build more of these and of every other type of plane, and more naval vessels and more auxiliary ships, and build them more quickly than can our enemies.

All this reveals nothing to our enemies, Japan particularly. There is evidence that Japan, having blocked our "air-power bridge," expected around-the-world reinforcement of the ABCD fronts. That was a major reason for such widely spread air attacks upon airfields in Malaysia. By such attacks and seizures the Japanese sought to establish what might be called an air blockade against us. From newly captured bases they hoped to intercept our flying reinforcements.

Time only will tell how successful that daring Japanese air blockade can be. We can be sure that when the story can be told the heroic achievements of the runners of the Far East air blockade will fill many pages.

There are questions about the possibility of our enemies carrying the war to us. You can believe that we have on the Pacific a mighty naval and air force at least equal to anything that Japan can send to the mid-Pacific. And for many months the Atlantic Fleet has been gaining experience under conditions approximating warfare. As to our Atlantic position generally, we were never stronger or better able to defend the North American continent.

The wisdom of President Roosevelt in acquiring bases on the British and Canadian islands in exchange for fifty old destroyers is now evident. For the first time in history we have a chain of naval and air bases that heretofore landlocked the vital Caribbean and the Panama Canal—an area which has been a danger spot for us. While some of these bases are not yet completed, they enable us to maintain air patrol and conduct operations of great strategic importance.

While it is practically impossible to prevent some enemy planes or submarines from breaking through for hit-and-run raiding, it can be stated with conviction that the Atlantic Fleet and Air Force are adequate to meet any attempt at a major attack or invasion.

As long ago as 1913-15, when President Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and I was Aide for Operations, we were agreed that policies have only a literary value unless they are implemented by the production of the necessary weapons in sufficient number.

The President has declared our policy: *Total War*—to carry total war to those who launched it, convinced that with it they could enslave the world.

And the President proposes to implement that policy—with a $56,000,000,000 program as a start. This dwarfs any war effort ever conceived by any nation.

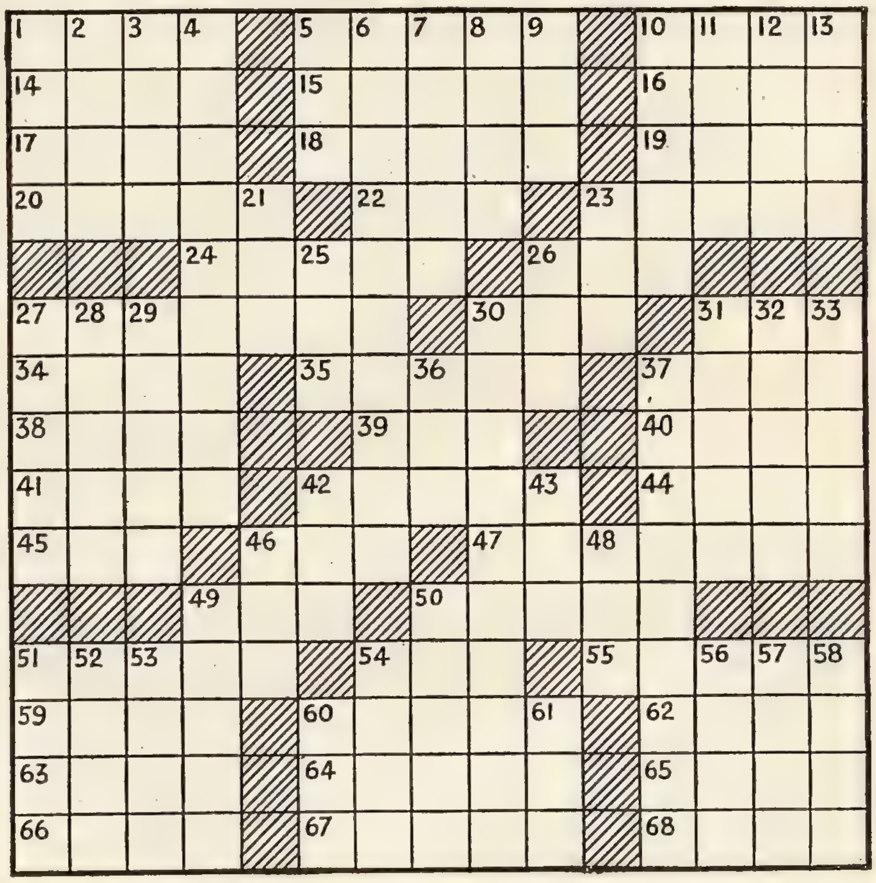
You can believe that the United States Navy's part in that program reaches beyond anything ever conceived as part of a war program.

We can show our enemies what total war really means.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Small area
5 Discourage
10 Lump
14 Possess
15 Positive pole in electricity
16 Image
17 Wicked
18 Deadened
19 Prefix: half
20 Forded
22 Humans
23 Belief
24 Cut
26 Barrier
27 Acid obtained by fermentation
30 Strike smartly
31 Plan
34 Correct
35 Sped
37 Mountain lion
38 Drive
39 Head covering
40 Spoken word
41 Acid
42 Thigh bone
44 Tardy
45 Printer's measure (pl.)
46 Passing fashion
47 Inflammation of the nose
49 Wager
50 Pertaining to whales
51 Damp, moist
54 State of equality
55 Part of a bicycle
59 Soon
60 Hourly
62 Wise men of the East
63 Telegram (colloq.)
64 Make happy
65 Word of ratification
66 Proofreader's term
67 Famous
68 Cozy residence

VERTICAL

1 Ejaculation
2 Molten rock
3 Greedy
4 Instrument for determining distances
5 Water barrier
6 Counted
7 Carried
8 Paradise
9 Color
10 Avaricious person
11 Arabian seaport
12 A few
13 Narrow opening
21 Domestic animal
23 Bore into
25 Armed conflict
26 Pernicious
27 Poetry
28 Distinctive characteristics of a language
29 Nest
30 Recompense
31 One of Napoleon's generals
32 Famous violin maker
33 Loses color
36 Piece of machinery
37 Officer of the law
42 Obese
43 Rodent
46 Nourished
48 Drink slowly
49 Name of intelligence test
50 Unit of weight
51 Hawthorn or its fruit (pl.)
52 One
53 Greater in number, quantity
54 Game originated in the Orient
56 Elderly woman
57 Becomes old
58 Scraped linen
60 Fowl
61 Conducted

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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ARE OPERATIONS NECESSARY?

EWING GALLOWAY

Consider bloodless surgery—A layman views an often-successful substitute for the knife

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ THIS is about bloodless surgery. There is such a thing, you may be sure, and its practitioners are neither quacks nor crackpot zealots. They are curing thousands of sick people every day. But they are carrying on their work against a certain measure of opposition and ridicule from the established medical profession.

This, then, is also something about the medical profession, and most particularly its surgical branch.

To begin with, bloodless surgery is one of the oldest of all the arts of healing. It was practiced by the founder of the medical science and the doctors' particular saint—a Greek named Hippocrates.

Hippocrates used the knife, to be sure. But he used it only when it was absolutely necessary, the last resort this side of death. Time after time he said that human illness comes from within, that even the slightest maladjustment of the nervous system, the slightest imbalance of the body's vital forces, invites disease. And he also said that disease could be cured by restoring the body's delicate balance.

But as mankind moved out of the Dark Ages and into the Middle Ages, Hippocrates was forgotten. Blood became curiously fascinating stuff. Barbers became surgeons (because they were the possessors of sharp blades) and cutting became the vogue.

At the same time, of course, the list of drugs began to grow. There were elixirs from Samarkand and infusions from the Indies to fix up anything that bloodletting didn't cure.

Even then, however, the knife was regarded as a pretty desperate measure. And very properly so; because the great majority of people who underwent the knife promptly died—from shock, or infection, or loss of blood. A crushed arm or leg must, of course, be repaired; but abdominal and brain surgery was not frequently performed.

Indeed, this situation prevailed until the middle of the last century, when, not too far apart in time, two great discoveries were made. First, the development of general anesthesia, chloroform and ether, which meant that the patient did not have to be held down by strong men while the surgeon worked on him. Second, the discovery of the nature of septic infections, and the way to prevent them.

With the beginning of this century, for the first time in all history, the operating room became a familiar commonplace spot. It grew fashionable to have an appendix out, or a pair of tonsils.

So, then, from the correction of accidental or battle disasters to the human frame, surgery graduated to a cure-all. If some part of the body was sick—cut it out. Medicine became an orgy of surgery.

But among the thoughtful and intelligent doctors of the world this began to look a little bad. A lot of people were dying, when neither knives nor drugs could cure them.

Searching for a clue to such a doleful state of affairs, we come upon the observation of Charles Max Page, M. S., professor of the Royal College of Surgeons of England:

"The handicraft of surgery can be as rapidly acquired as that of carpentry. But surgical judgment is developed only by long clinical experience. Accurate diagnosis and the ability to estimate the risks of different types of operations in relation to the individual are essential to the equipment of a surgeon."

And, as if in echo to this wise statement, we read the remarks of Dr. Richard Cabot of the Harvard Medical School, Cambridge, Massachusetts:

"Examination, post-mortem, of patients who died at the Massachusetts General Hospital had proven the diagnosis to have been wrong in over 50 per cent of the cases."

Diagnosis, then (or failure of diagnosis), looms as the gravest weakness in the surgical approach to the treatment of disease. The notorious "exploratory operation" had become an accepted part of surgical practice. And what is an exploratory operation? It is simply this: The surgeon says, "My patient is certainly sick, but I don't know what's the matter with him. I'll just open him up and have a look around, and maybe I'll find out what's wrong."

As I have suggested, such a state of affairs was not lost upon thoughtful doctors. They did not write much about it, nor say much, but if you will glance through the dull treatises on various diseases you will often find phrases like this, occurring with more and more regularity: "Treatment of this condition on conservative lines has recently gained ground, and control of so-and-so by so-and-so has *replaced operative procedure.*"

So much for the beginnings of the new order among the ranks of orthodox medicine. Outside those ranks, or on the fringes thereof, thinking has gone on a little more eagerly, because it has not been inhibited by "ethics."

The first big public news in North America about this sort of thinking came in 1902. Into the wealthy Armour family of Chicago there had been born a girl baby, Lolita. She suffered from congenital dislocation of both hips, and the Armour riches were laid before the medical profession to save her from being a hopeless cripple.

Surgeons operated upon her, but they did not seem to accomplish enough. And so the Armours communicated with Dr. Adolf Lorenz in Vienna. News of his bloodless surgery, his remarkable cures of clubfoot and tuberculous joints and warped spines without the knife, had come across the ocean. And in 1902 Lorenz himself came.

He treated the child for several months, and at the end said she would be able to walk. His work received a great deal of publicity, and as a result of it he made a number of subsequent voyages to America, holding clinics and effecting sound results with his bloodless surgery, or manipulation, among hundreds of crippled children.

But as late as 1922 responsible speakers of the medical profession were saying that Lorenz was a fraud, that his cures were impermanent, and that in the case of Lolita Armour he had managed no cure at all.

It required a public statement from that lady herself, now married, to defend the Lorenz reputation. She did not assert that her skeletal structure was perfectly normal. She did say that Lorenz had enabled her to walk, to carry on an ordinary useful life. And she said she was convinced that Lorenz' results would have been even better if she had not been subjected to the knife before he treated her.

Whatever else was accomplished by the vast public notice given to Dr. Lorenz on his visits to America, it gave much impetus to two new curative theories which had come over the horizon with the turn of the century.

Osteopathy was the earlier of the two. And its creed was simple: "A system of health and healing founded on the principle that the living body is a vital machine which will manufacture the remedies necessary to protect itself against disease as long as it is in correct mechanical adjustment. In addition, osteopathy insists upon a wholesome physical and mental environment, good food, proper exercise and rest, and pure air and water."

Chiropractic, in its turn, advanced an even simpler theory. It agreed with the osteopaths that the spine was a vital factor in human health. Indeed, it went the whole hog and said that the spine—the cable of the whole nervous system—was virtually the only factor in human health. It was the seat of practically all human illness. Even the slightest disturbance of its mechanism, one which produced no local pain or symptoms whatever, would cause disease in the remotest parts of the body.

But these two schools—each according to its own lights—went back to Hippocrates: to the belief that nature is the best doctor, and that if nature is functioning properly a man will stay in good health. If something interferes with nature, adjustments of the human machine must be made to relieve the obstruction.

Osteopathy got off to a quicker start. Perhaps because its tenets were promulgated by a recognized physician, Dr. A. T. Still, while the founder of chiropractic was a layman. At any rate, people began to go to osteopaths, and they began to be cured.

It is important to mark here that the great majority of these patients whom the osteopaths cured had been given up as bad jobs by the orthodox medicos. When all the knives and drugs had failed, they went around to the osteopaths. And, to the consternation and the disbelief of doctors, a great many of them got well.

Faced with such a state of affairs, it was inevitable that the medical profession should re-examine its viewpoint toward the new school of healing. Rather more quickly than you might believe, orthodox medicine recognized osteopathy as a useful science. And, in turn, osteopathy broadened its own field of practice. It adopted all of the conventional methods of diagnosis: thorough examination of the organs of the body, physical and chemical and microscopic study of secretions and excretions and tissues, the use of X-ray and the apparatus of basal metabolism—the whole scientific array of diagnostic procedure.

Still, osteopathy holds to its belief that drugs should be avoided and that the knife should be reserved for the most extreme cases.

☆ WITH chiropractic the case has been somewhat different. And the reasons are not difficult to find.

In the first place, its theories are more radical than the theories of osteopathy. From the beginning the doctor or the layman accustomed to the practices of orthodox medicine was reluctant to believe that *all* human disease springs from a maladjustment of the spine.

In the second place, the very earliest schooling of chiropractors was wide open to the accusation that it was hasty, superficial, unscientific.

And in the third place, a horde of the weirdest sort of quacks rose up on the continent (perhaps taking their vague and fanatical ideas from reading about Lorenz, osteopathy, and chiropractic itself).

☆ IN the face of such unpropitious beginnings, the chiropractors set themselves heartily and with intelligence to their task:

1. They began to heal with their methods, difficult and demonstrable cures that every man with an unprejudiced eye might see.
2. They tightened to an ever-increasing degree the entrance requirements for their colleges. They lengthened and elaborated their courses of education.
3. They opposed the quacks by denouncing them.

I do not believe that any experienced and conscientious medical doctor would deny for a moment that chiropractic has healed many thousands of sufferers. As I write there are before me several hundreds of case histories, chosen at random and duly authenticated. They include all manner of human ills, from sciatica to gallstones, from chronic indigestion to migraine.

For the purposes of this article I have interviewed a number of chiropractors. Every single one of them has shown me cases in his files that were referred to him by orthodox physicians.

Perhaps the most eminent patient in the annals of chiropractic was the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr. William Jensen, chiropractor of Daytona Beach, Florida, was in attendance upon the financier for the last six years of his life. It is rather remarkable that in the newspaper obituary notices of the great man's passing no mention of this fact was made, although all other physicians and persons in close attendance were named.

Yet I have before me a photostatic copy of a letter from Ivy Lee & Associates, personal representatives of the Rockefellers, apologizing for the omission and concluding: "I am sure you must know that your services were deeply appreciated." And there is a telegram from Mr. Rockefeller's niece, Mrs. Fannie Evans, saying, ". . . the family join me in sincere appreciation of your wonderful help and splendid service during the years that you have been treating him."

Chiropractors say with emphasis that they do not propose to replace medical doctors. Conditions exist and always will exist in the human body where nothing but surgery will avail. But chiropractic urges that the knife go back to its original and sensible role: the last resort. And it also urges us to think with renewed care concerning the matter of drugs.

But it must be pointed out that the modern distrust of the knife is not confined to osteopaths or chiropractors. Orthodox physicians in all the great clinics, as I have previously said, search constantly for methods which will avoid the shock and the dubious results of indiscriminate surgery.

There are countless examples of this, but suppose we consider just one ailment: prostatitis, acute infection of the prostate gland. All males in middle age and beyond are liable to its ravages. And the first operation to seek a cure was performed in 1639.

Results achieved by the masters of surgery in treating this ailment are remarkable. The difficulty lies, alas, in the scarcity of masters and in the conviction held by lesser men that they are as good as the best. As late as 1930, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reported a mortality of 25 per cent in cases of prostatitis in New York City and its vicinity.

Then, piecemeal here and there, a new method came to light. It consists simply of injecting mercurochrome, or some similar solution, into the tissues of the gland by means of a hypodermic needle. The patient is in the hospital only twenty-four hours.

And there have been no untoward accidents or deaths in more than 600 injections, with a complete cure percentage of about 70 per cent.

In the face of this modern technique, worked out by orthodox surgeons who were determined to escape somehow the hazards of the knife, it is appalling to think of the men who have died, year after year, during the era of promiscuous cutting.

☆

NOW, if it should appear that I have attacked the art of surgery or the reputable practitioners, I wish to disclaim any such intention at once. I am a layman, a reporter. If I had a shattered leg or a kidney broken down from infection, I would quickly get to the best surgeon I could find. So would I if my wife were in imminent childbirth and a Caesarian section seemed indicated.

I greatly respect the doctors of North America. They are the best in the world, of high capacity and integrity.

But the doctors of North America are rigidly organized. They are more tightly bound together than any other profession that the world has ever known. And it is the very essence of their organization to resist change, to consider their calling more holy than it really is, and impregnable to the rush and flow of fresh, vivid thinking.

It would be to their high credit to grow aware of a new mood that is settling over the whole civilized world.

Modern man is beginning to understand that nature meant him to be healthy. Nature is going to do everything it can to make him healthy. The duty of the doctor is to help nature. And nature is not greatly helped by indiscriminate cutting nor by swallowing pills and elixirs.

If doctors would dispute the growing of this mood upon the world, let them glance at the tremendous increase in outdoor sports, at the camps and shacks, at the crowded beaches and the ski runs dotted with humanity. And let them understand that this powerful movement of man to smell again the fresh air and feel the sun on his hide might well be stimulated by a weariness of the odor of antiseptics and the ether cone, by boredom with sitting around waiting for medicine to take its blandly promised effect.

THE END

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See
WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITER

A SPORTS WRITER'S PROFESSION OF FAITH—Continued from Page 20

time of their lives, preferably in a formative period, compelling enough to lift them above all their differences, hatreds, and inbred suspicions of race, creed, or kind. Something that could lift them entirely above the personal and bind them into a mutually respecting, thoroughly co-operative unit, ready to go out and fight for each other and with each other for a cause that was bigger than any of them.

That's a true working model of this greater democracy, which is the real driving shaft of the American way. Into it is welded everything we have or need of courage and of character.

Regardless of what you and I were doing, approximately 350,000 young Americans were getting this sort of indoctrination on our fields yearly.

There was strength, and is strength, and if you're behind in your praying, you can thank God for that now.

About a year ago "the morale of the army" was apparently a subject of great national concern. Would it stand? Would it ever be good?

We sports writers had the answer, and many of us expressed it. We weren't authorities on world politics. We didn't know much about grand strategy. But we were ranking authorities upon one subject—the team-trained youth. We couldn't say that some of those reputedly rebellious soldiers wouldn't balk in the shafts. We didn't know whether some of them wouldn't cringe and quit in a fight.

But we knew that didn't, and never would, apply to any *army* composed of American youth; for laid right down through it like a river of steel was that nucleus of those 350,000 a year. We'd seen them in action when the pressure was on. We knew their loyalty, their courage, their forthright young manhood. The pattern was there in the last war for all to see.

Who went with the first, then, and served with gleaming distinction? Remember the college athletes in that list? Hobey Baker, Princeton's immortal hockey star; Johnny Overton, the Yale track captain; Spuddy Pishon, the Dartmouth quarterback; Eddie Grant of the New York Giants . . . the list is too long. We remember these because it chanced to be their fate to die. There were tens of thousands just as gallant whose names we have forgotten because it chanced to be their fortune to come back unhurt to the anonymity of civilian life.

That was the last war.

This one is new, but look again—how the picture is coming into perfect focus. We're using something new for nobility in this country again, and look at those names as the dispatches and citations write them high, while every American thrills with their daring and devotion. Look at them:

Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., our first hero of this war—a football player and a boxing champion at West Point; Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley, who blew up that Jap warship in Subic Bay—a football player, and a good one, at his New Jersey high school; Major Thomas J. H. Trapnell, personally decorated by MacArthur—practically an All-America end at West Point in '25 and '26; Captain Arthur W. Wermuth, "the one-man army of Bataan," who personally killed 166 Japs, who kept getting wounded but always going back. Wermuth was a football player, and a crackajack. And MacArthur himself!

That's the sort. There's our strength. They and the others of similar pattern—others, many of whom didn't have a chance to participate in athletics for one reason or another, but are of the same basic breed.

"Why," you ask an officer at Pensacola, Jacksonville, Kelly Field, or some other, "do you seem to prefer college athletes, team athletes, for these specialized jobs?"

"The answer's obvious," he tells you. "They're in physical condition. They have courage. They're quick, intelligent, and their reflexes are catlike. They know loyalty, co-operation. They know how to take orders. They're team-trained. They're the finest fighting material on earth."

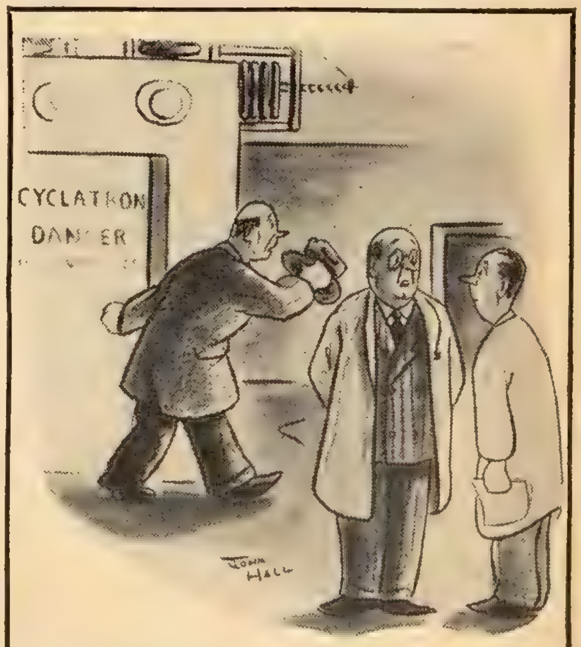
And you see them, these stalwart, dependable, true-blue Americans leaping those planes into the air, sighting those guns, manning those decks, heading those columns—and you know they'll be there at the showdown.

And you're proud—I'm proud—to have been identified with this part of the American way that stayed with the old way. Sports—sure, there's a lot about it that's been shoddy and overemphasized. But it's kept some manhood in this nation, some loyalty, some guts. Watch those names keep coming through! They're our new All-America—the team of us all!

May the signals ring clearly and the blocking be true in this new type of competition, of which a poet wrote:

It's the same old game with a different
name,
Tho' the score runs a good bit higher,
With the teams now grown to a size
unknown,
And God as the Great Umpire!

THE END



"Dr. Jessup's resigning. He says the last atom he smashed yelled 'Ouch!'"

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

She used to get her alluring scents from France. Now America makes her perfumes.

BLACK STAR

☆ UNLESS you're a trained perfume smeller, your nose will get tired and fall down on the job after sniffing the difference between six various scents, whereas an expert can smell more than a hundred and still tell them apart. . . . Perfume experts go to work in a quiet room, after taking deep-breathing exercises in the open air. Drops of each perfume are sprinkled on slips of absorbent paper, which the experts waft under their noses, shutting their eyes to concentrate on the fragrance. . . . Devotion to duty calls for sacrifice. They avoid tobacco, coffee, alcohol; and having found that irregular eating seems somehow to impair olfactory performance, they never take snacks between meals.

My above information comes from a talk with Jean Kirk, one of the few lady chemists in the perfumery business.

Armenian by birth Jean's real name is Anahid Kurkjian. "America," she says, "can cultivate many perfume flowers, and has already made a considerable start, with government encouragement. Lavender is being grown in New Hampshire and New Mexico, while Florida and California are experimenting with orange-perfume trees. Louisiana now produces perfume oils from vertivert, jasmine, wisteria, acacia, magnolia, and honeysuckle.

"By *next* year's Eastertime we hope to have most of our flower essences supplied right here at home in America." . . . Jean Kirk wears a fascinating necklace—a chain of miniature flasks filled with assorted perfumes.

☆ NEW perfumes on *this* year's Easter list include: Dunhill's *Bewitching,* in bottle you can have initialed while you wait, $1.75 and $3. . . . Charbert's *Breathless,* $1.75 to $12.75. . . . Mary Chess, *Four Fragrances* in powder-filled puff, $3.50; four finger sachets for dress hangers, $2; toilet water and two bath sachets, $2.50. . . . Haviland's *Perhaps,* $5.50 to $35.

☆ DEMONSTRATION of the charms that music hath—seen after dining at Don the Beachcomber's private home, all South Sea Island style, near Los Angeles: . . . Don's cat, named Spitfire, is supposed to be ferociously unfriendly. Yet Rudy Vallee couldn't move from his chair because Spitfire had gone to sleep curled up on Rudy's shoulder.

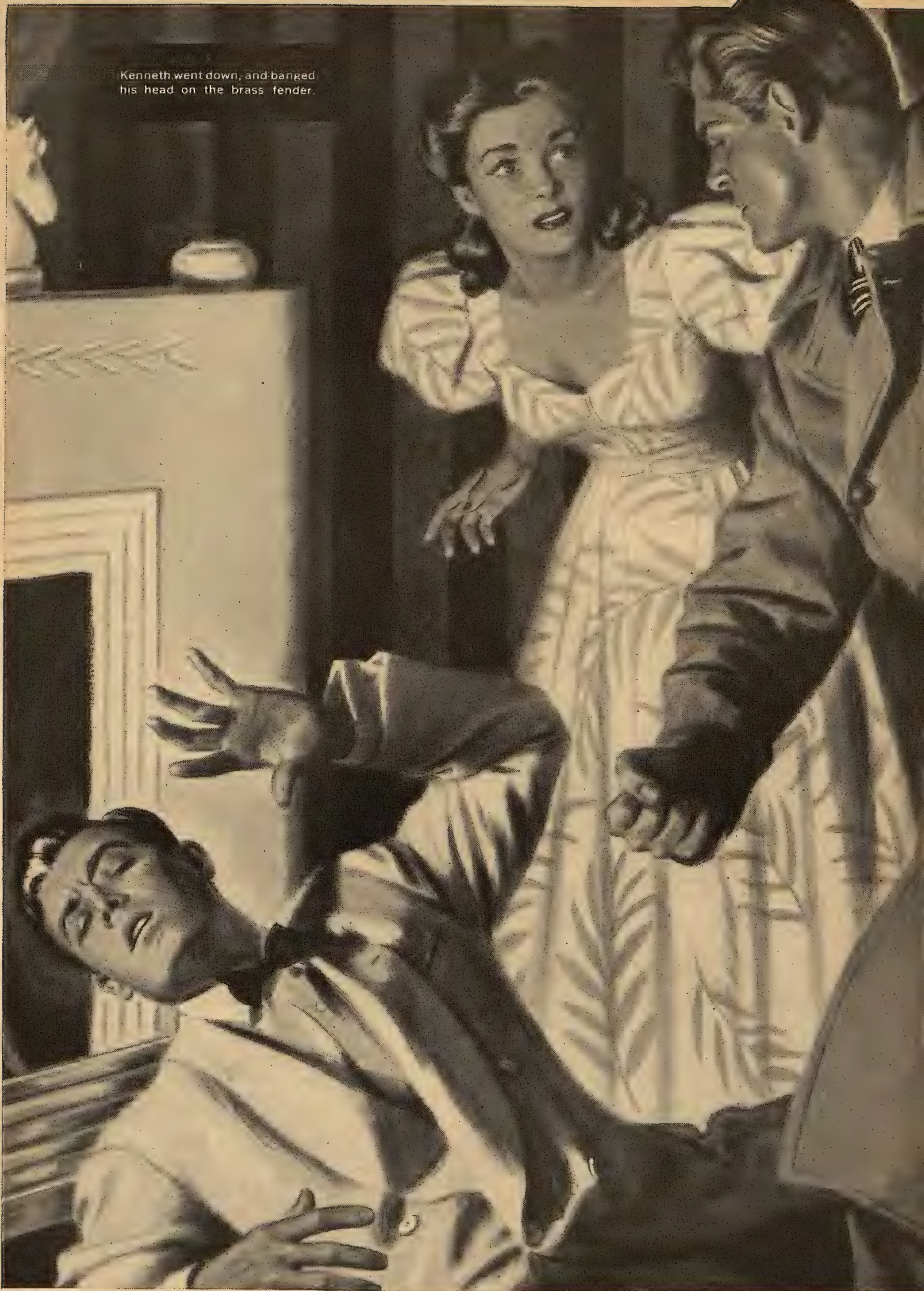
☆ SUBSTANTIAL desserts are often needed in Lent, when the rest of the meal is meatless and light. An unusually good one is this *Banana Apple Betty:* Peel, core, and quarter 6 tart apples. Simmer till tender but not too soft in 1 cup water with ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon mixed cinnamon and nutmeg. To the cooked apples add 6 firm bananas, sliced. Butter a shallow baking dish; put in bananas and apples; spread with thin layer currant jelly; top with 2 cups coarsely crumbled graham crackers combined with ½ cup brown sugar and ½ cup chopped nuts. Dot with butter. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve warm with hot lemon sauce.

☆ OUCH! From nineteen different states and Canada I have been chastised kindly but firmly by readers for my January 17 omission of the year 1924 in a count-up of years designated by numerals 1, 2, 4, and 9. It was a sappy error and I deserve the slaps. But the letters from readers are so affectionate and witty that I am almost glad I blundered, since my mistake has brought in personal correspondence from such nice people. . . . Thornton M. Tice, managing editor of the Narrows News, Narrows, Virginia, nominates me for membership in the SDOTP Club—Supreme Dumbbells of the Press.

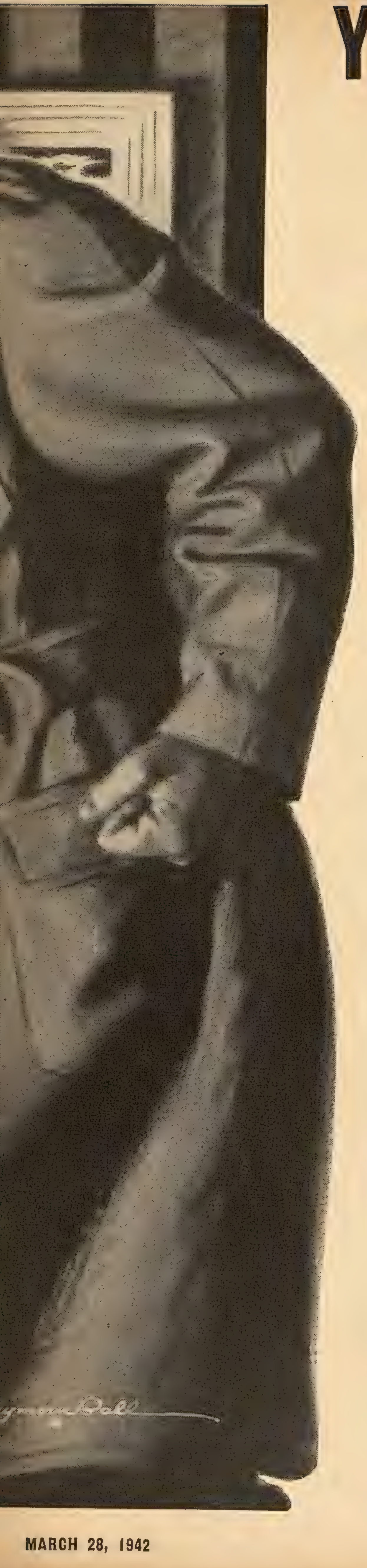
Editor Tice says he became an SDOTP himself by once describing a natty citizen of prominence as "the nastily dressed Mr. So-and-so."

☆ Recommended to newspaper-romance fans: Liberty writer Edward Doherty's new book, Gall and Honey. It's a honey of a news-reporting saga. (Published by Sheed & Ward.)

☆ A WHILE ago I mentioned the Chinese custom of giving children temporary *milk names,* then letting them choose their own first names when they grow up. Now I've just heard of it being done in Tennessee. The daughter was called Babe until maturity, when she selected Pocahontas for her name. She has since married a Mr. Pickelosky. . . . Another Tennessee family had eleven daughters, no sons. A twelfth girl has arrived, and they have actually named her Marron—which is French for chestnut!



Kenneth went down, and banged his head on the brass fender.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT LOVE

BY ELIZABETH TROY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ RAIN, thickened with soot and flavored with monoxide, poured on New York. Gutters were muddy rivers. Taxi drivers, smug in teeming prosperity, dashed past imploring would-be fares who looked as if they wished they'd never been born.

Martin Hunt, striding up the avenue on squishing shoes, hatbrim ladling water into the collar of his trench coat, looked as if it wasn't raining rain at all, but violets. Or champagne. Martin Hunt had a job. Or would have in a minute or two. He had only to walk into the advertising department of Hartley's big store and say, "I'm Martin Hunt. Your art director sent for me. He said two o'clock. So here I am."

Just like that. It showed you that if you sat long enough on the mourners' benches outside doors labeled "Art Director" you'd find that art directors actually existed in the flesh and not in the ectoplasmic state you'd thought, inasmuch as you could never see them and if they ever came out of their offices it was through the keyhole.

Last week, however, instead of picking up his portfolio of sample drawings and taking it somewhere else, he had left it with the receptionist. She had shown no willingness to take it, but he hadn't cared about that. He'd decided that this was Hunt's last stand and if the battle was lost the war was over and he'd go back to his parents in Iowa. But the art director miraculously had sent for him. The receptionist, who was a cute dish with red fingernails, would say, "Have you an appointment?" and he, for the first time in months, would reply, "Appointment? Don't be silly. Just tell Mr. Dalton I'm here."

Naturally, he was a little disappointed to find the receptionist was absent. Out, he supposed, for lunch. Well, it didn't matter. In a minute or two Dalton's door would open and Martin Hunt would walk in and clap eyes for the first time upon an art director. So he sat down on the bench, shook water from his hat, and composed himself to wait.

He had barely got settled when some one came in and sat down at the other end of the bench. This was annoying. Being female, if there was any mix-up about appointments, the new arrival would be given precedence. On the heels of that thought came another. Was she after his job, too?

He glanced at her—and relaxed. She had none of the dismal earmarks of the unemployed. Her small perky hat was bone-dry. Her neat little shoes were unmuddied, the shoulders of her smart jacket undamped. You did not have to be a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that this expensive little item had come by motor. Look again, and you saw a large diamond flashing from the third finger of the left hand, and you knew (*a*) she was going to be married and (*b*) the boy friend was in the upper brackets. No, she did not need a job.

The door marked "Art Director" opened. In the opening stood a tall fellow with thinning hair and spectacles. Martin jumped up and started toward him. So did the girl.

The man looked from one to the other. "Mr.—er—Hunt? Miss Manson?"

"Yes, Mr. Dalton," they chorused.

The man said, "Come in, both of

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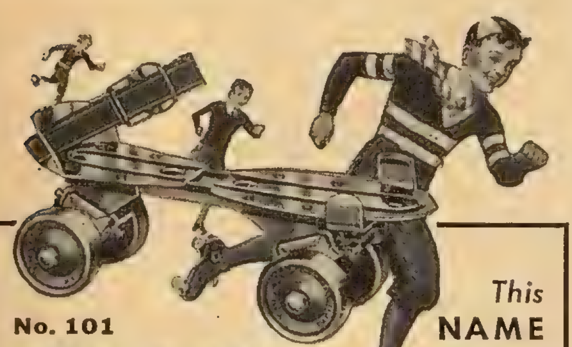

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you. Only I'm not Mr. Dalton. I'm Mr. Kirk, the assistant art director."

They followed him into the office. He waved them into chairs and sat down at his desk. "Mr. Dalton," he said, toying with a pencil, "is at home, laid up with measles—of all things." He smiled faintly and looked up to see what reaction there was to this bulletin. Two pairs of eyes were fixed upon him with an intent expectancy he seemed to find unnerving. He glanced away, twiddled the pencil, and said, "Dalton's being sick has put me in a sort of—uh—spot. The big August sale is due and we have to have some one right away. I suppose you can draw fur?"

Before Martin could get his mouth open, Miss Manson said firmly, "I can draw anything." Martin said with equal firmness, "So can I."

Mr. Kirk seemed enormously cheered. "Good," he said. "Fine." He rose then and took two large black folios from a shelf. One was marked in the top left-hand corner "Martin Hunt." The lettering was in white. The other was labeled "Carol Manson" in the lower left-hand corner, and the letters were gold. They would be, thought Martin.

Mr. Kirk laid the folios side by side on the desk. "Dalton's confounded measles," he said plaintively, "put it up to me to examine the stuff handed in by the applicants." He included them both in a small whimsical smile of consternation. "Out of dozens I picked these two—but for the life of me I can't decide which of you to hire." He paused with the air of one waiting for the bomb he has dropped to go off. Nothing happened. The competitors sat in carven silence.

☆ "THE trouble is," he hurried on, "you're both good. I mean, you have the style—the treatment—Dalton wants. In any case, of course"—Mr. Kirk smiled in a relieved way—"the final choice is up to him."

He stopped. There was a moment of charged silence. Miss Manson looked at Martin finally with a "why-don't-you-say-something?" look, so Martin cleared his throat and asked, "So what do we do now, Mr. Kirk? Wait for Mr. Dalton to recover from measles?"

"Oh, no. My goodness, no," said Mr. Kirk. "We need some one *now*. Our advertising for the sale is way behind schedule. Let me see—this is Friday. We should have some one in here by Monday at the very latest. So what you'd better do—if you don't mind—is to go out to Dalton's home in Westport and show him your work. In fact, I phoned him, and he says he's well enough to see you this afternoon. There's a train in about a half hour."

Miss Manson said, "Both of us?"

Mr. Kirk moved his shoulders. "Well, yes. Or one of you could take both folios. Though personally"—Mr. Kirk, looking thoughtfully at his inkwell, permitted one eye to rove toward Miss Manson—"I always feel that personality counts a little, too. Not much, of course, but *some*. Of course, I'd do this for you myself if I could," he said earnestly. "But I'm tied up here today. You'd never believe . . ."

He sighed to silence. There was patently nothing more to be said. Miss Carol Manson rose and picked up her folio. Martin did likewise. Mr. Kirk bounded up in sprightly relief and opened the door for them.

"I sure wish you luck," he said, gaily ambiguous. His smile broadened. "And may the best man win," he added—a whimsey which seemed to tickle him mightily, for they could hear him laughing after the door closed.

"Quite a card, our Mr. Kirk," said Martin.

"Isn't he?" said Miss Manson, hurrying toward the elevator.

☆ MARTIN hurried after her. "Let me carry that folio for you," he said, catching up.

She let him tuck it under the arm already burdened with his own. They stood waiting for the elevator, and after a second Martin said, "Odd situation," and smiled.

"Awkward," she said, and smiled too.

The elevator came and they got into it. "I suppose you know," said Martin, "that knighthood is no longer in flower."

She looked up, clear hazel eyes honest, amused. "Absolutely dog eat dog," she said.

He grinned. "No holds barred?"

She stuck out her hand. "None. Now we understand each other." They shook hands on it and laughed.

In the main corridor Martin said, "Do you think it is safe for you to see Mr. Dalton when he has measles? Why don't I take both folios, because I've had measles—twice, in fact."

She dimpled. "So have I. So why don't I take them?"

"H'm-m-m," said Martin. "I'm a little afraid of that. We'd better go together. That way, we can keep an eye on each other."

She laughed. Then she said regretfully, "I'm afraid we can't go together, because I'm motoring with a friend."

He nodded. "That's all right. I'll take the train." They were in the street now. The rain had stopped, so he lingered with her on the curb. "I suppose you know," he said, "you have the jump on me by being a girl and having more than enough of the well known oomph."

"Thank you kindly," she said demurely. "But I'm positive Mr. Dalton will judge us on the merits of our work."

He looked with foreboding into the most charming face he had ever seen. "I have a feeling," he said, "that even if you couldn't draw anything but the back view of a cat sitting down, he'd hire you. I know I would."

"What a pity," she said, "you aren't an art director—though, with such a frivolous outlook, I'm sure you wouldn't be a very good one."

"Oh, yes, I would," said Martin.

"What is more essential than an eye for line and color?"

There was no time to answer, for at that moment a long selfish-looking roadster, driven by a long selfish-looking young man, pulled up to the curb. He leaned sidewise and said rather sourly, "Well, did you land the precious job?"

"Not yet," she said. "There's competition." She nodded toward Martin. "Mr. Hunt, Mr. Farrington." The two young men eyed each other pityingly and nodded briefly. "Mr. Hunt," she said, "is the other candidate. We have been asked to take our samples out to Mr. Dalton's house in Westport and he is to choose between us. Can you imagine, Kenneth?"

Kenneth—who, in Martin's opinion, looked as if he could never imagine anything not related to his own best interests—did not reply. Instead he gave Martin a sulky stare and said, "I hope you get the job."

He did not add, "You look as if you needed it," but somehow Martin seemed to hear it. His jaw came forward a little. "Do you? Why?"

Mr. Farrington raised his eyebrows. "Does Miss Manson," he said, "strike you as the working-girl type?"

"Please, Kenneth," put in Miss Manson hastily. Martin saw with a twinge the uneasiness in her eyes. "You'll miss your train," she said. "And may I have my folio, please?"

He stood it on the floor at her feet and closed the door.

☆ AFTER the car had driven away, he moved in the general direction of the railroad station. What a girl, he thought warmly. What a swell little sport! And what a blight was that guy Farrington. How could an intelligent beautiful girl pick out a drip like that? Working girl, indeed. Of course she was a working girl. An artist who didn't work wasn't worth his—or her—salt. And just where had this noble scion been all these years, not to have found out that work is as fine and proper for girls as for men?

Would she give up a job she was happy to be doing just to give the old yes-yes to a fathead who wouldn't know a good wash drawing from a hole in the ground? She would not. Martin was as sure of that as he was of his own name. What she'd do, bless her little heart, would be to give Farrington back that showy ice cube she was now wearing on her left hand. So, if she got the job—

"If." . . . He'd reached the bottom of the station ramp. There he slowed down. There wasn't any if about it. Her work was just as good as his. Kirk had said so. It might even be better. So what chance had he against a girl whose presence in anybody's office would light it up like Christmas Eve?

Suddenly, without knowing how he got there, Martin found himself in a lunchroom. In his excitement over the job he'd forgotten about lunch. If he ate it now he'd miss the train to Westport. Well, he wasn't going, any-

"And you're the fellow they called the 'Hermit Crab'!"

"Yes, but I'm living it down fast! Not a bad rhumba for a hermit, hey?"
"It'll do . . . Were you really like people said you were . . . crabby, sour, skinny, down on the world?"

" . . . like this? I sure was! And worse. But then I learned I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."
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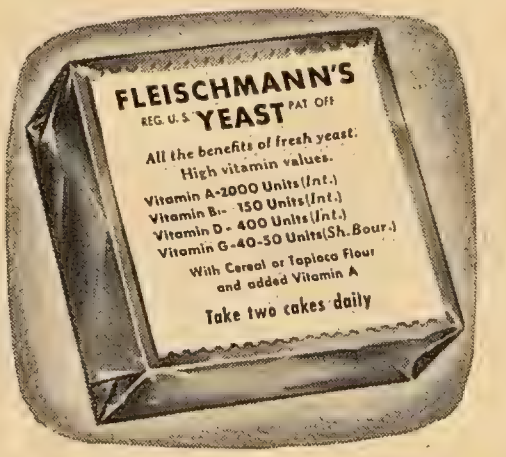
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way. Why risk the price of a railroad ticket on a bet you knew you couldn't win?

Reluctant as he always was to return to his furnished room uptown, there was nothing else to do after a late lunch. In his room, he tossed the portfolio on the bed, pulled off his dampish coat, and lit a cigarette. It was too dark to draw—and, anyway, why draw? He had plenty of good stuff on hand—stuff almost good enough to have landed him a job.

Almost. He sat down on the side of the bed and began untying the strings that held the portfolio together. Nothing so saddens and yet comforts an artist as the contemplation of his rejected works. Martin wanted, in particular, the solace of a Queen Anne sofa into which he'd put some pretty neat and original brushwork. This was the board he'd placed on the top of the pile, so that the critical art-director eye might be struck immediately with the excellence of the Hunt technique.

What met his eye when he flung open the cover, however, was not the sofa. It was a girl wearing a hat and a fur piece. Just a cute head in a crazy hat and a silver fox stole. A demure face with a provocative mouth and tipped eyelashes. A swell treatment of the fur . . .

But it wasn't his. He'd never seen it before. Heart pounding, he flung back the cover with one hand and snapped on a bedlamp with the other. The name leaped up at him: "Carol Manson." Gold letters. *Hers.*

He saw at once what he had done. He'd put his portfolio into the car instead of hers! Aghast, he leaped to the telephone and got Dalton's house in Westport. A maid told him Mr. Dalton was ill and could not come to the telephone. . . . Miss who? . . . Oh, the young lady with the drawings. . . . She had come, showed the pictures to Mr. Dalton, and left. Some time ago.

He put the telephone down in a daze. Showed the pictures. . . . Obviously, she had not discovered the error until she arrived at Dalton's house. And then she'd waited for him, Martin, to show up with hers. And he hadn't come, so the poor kid had to show Dalton *something.* . . . Of all the spots to put her in, this was the worst.

He found her address and phone number on the inside cover of her folio. . . . But the voice from her apartment said she was not expected home before eight o'clock. Lots of time in which to pace up and down calling himself names.

☆ ON the way downtown he formulated a convincing speech of apology. After a maid had ushered him into a large comfortable living room, he ran through a silent rehearsal, and had just finished it when Carol came into the room.

Instantly his mind went blank. She was dressed as for a party, in a crispy green dress with a lot of fluffy skirts. She looked so unsettlingly pretty that he forgot his lines and said weakly, "H-hullo. I brought your folio."

"Thank you," she said. "Won't you sit down?" she said. He did. Never a hat twiddler, he now twiddled his hat.

"I'm terribly sorry about the mistake," he said. "I tried to reach you at Dalton's, but you'd left."

She looked at him unsmilingly. "Then you never did take my folio out to him, did you? I waited for you as long as I dared, and finally I decided you'd missed the train. I supposed you'd arrive later."

His ears began burning. "I didn't go."

"Why not?"

He flapped a hand. "Oh, no particular reason," he said. "I just—didn't. I mean, why crowd the field with contestants? Why worry a man with measles with *two* sets of drawings, when he only wants one anyway?"

☆ SHE eyed him curiously. "Especially when the only one he has to look at is yours," she said.

He stared at her. Horror swept him. "Good heavens!" he gasped. "You don't think I—I held that folio out on you?" He became hoarse with the intensity of the need to make her believe him. "Listen. As heaven is my witness, I never knew I had your folio until I'd had lunch and gone home. It was almost five thirty when I got there. T-too late to go to Dalton's." He leaned forward, hands clutching his knees. "You've simply got to believe that."

"It doesn't matter much whether I do or not," she said. "The fact remains that you got the job."

He beamed. "Did you? Gosh, that's great. That's swell. It makes everything all right, then. Well, I'll just pick up my folio now and be on my—"

"You," Carol said. "*You* got the job. Not me."

He'd got up. Now he sat down again. "Huh? Oh, I see what you mean. The drawings, unfortunately, were mine, but he gave you the job. That's great. I—" He started up again.

"If," said Carol, "you will kindly stop jumping up and down long enough to listen, I'd like to get it through your head that *you got the job.* You are to begin work at Hartley's on Monday morning."

His head spun. "B-but that's ridiculous," he said finally. "If he hired anybody, it was you, not me."

She looked incredulous. "Do you seriously think I'd take a job on the strength of drawings that were not my own?"

He flailed his arms. "But why didn't you tell him no decision was to be made until he'd seen yours?"

"It was too late to tell him anything after he'd seen your stuff," she said solemnly. "He just barked at me and said, " 'S all right. Good stuff. Tell this fellow to come to work Monday." And right after that he yelled for a pill, and a nurse gave him one and led him off to bed."

Martin moaned. "But this," he said wildly, "is awful. Awful! Now you listen to me, Carol Manson. Any dope with eyes in his head knows that Dalton or any other art director would give you a job in his office if you didn't have one single drawing to show. It stands to reason. It was only because *you* showed those drawings that Dalton liked them."

"Mr. Dalton," said Carol coolly, "is looking for a good artist—not for an office mural. He's that kind of man and that kind of art director." The doorbell rang. "That," said Carol, "is Kenneth."

Martin jumped up. "I'd better be going. Meanwhile, under the circumstances, I can't possibly accept the job at Hartley's. If you'll just let me pick up my folio, I'll—"

But Kenneth was striding into the room, tall, dark, and handsome in white dinner jacket and dress trousers. Martin felt suddenly tired, pale, and very unemployed.

Kenneth was in great spirits. He slapped Martin on the shoulder and said, "Good for you, old man! You got the job." He laughed heartily. "I thought I'd die over the mix-up with those drawings."

A pity he hadn't, thought Martin. "So you thought it was funny?"

"Best gag of the season," chortled Kenneth. He laid a proprietary hand on Carol's shoulder. "But it settled an old argument, didn't it, sweetness? Silly little girl—wanting to work, when she doesn't have to and never will have to."

"She does," said Martin, startling everybody, including himself. "She always will. She's an artist. It's what they're made for."

Kenneth smiled. "You artists," he said. "Always above the realities. Just dreamers." He dropped an eyelid. "Not that our Mr. Hunt doesn't know which side *his* bread is buttered on. First he slips his folio over on the innocent young rival, and then very cagily he doesn't turn up at Westport, so that she won't have a chance to show her stuff. Very, very smart, Mr. Hunt."

"Very," said Martin, with dangerous calm. "Only it didn't happen that way. The mistake was unintentional."

Kenneth laughed. "Oh, sure," he said; "and funny, too. Honest, Hunt, if you could have seen her"—Kenneth could hardly speak for laughing—"going into Dalton's, all confident little career girl, with your portfolio under her arm, you'd have—"

"What?" Martin interrupted sharply. "Do you mean you *knew* it wasn't hers?"

Kenneth was simply rocking by this time. "Of course I knew it. I saw your name on it"—he had to stop and wipe his eyes at this stage—"when you put it in the car!"

Carol's voice came forth clearly: "You didn't tell me. Why didn't you?"

Kenneth raised his eyebrows comically. "Tell you? My dear little girl, you know perfectly well I didn't want you to get that job." He winked at Martin. "I'm not so slow myself," he said, and with that he thrust out a thumb and dug Martin in the ribs.

So Martin hit him. He didn't like him, but he was sure, afterward, he'd never have hit him if Kenneth's thumb had not pressed a reflex. Somehow that thumb just happened to touch one of those nerves that are like the one in your knee. Press it and your knee bobs up. If it doesn't you're a mental case or something. So the next thing Martin knew, his fist had bobbed up and was giving Kenneth the business right on the jaw. Kenneth went down, and when he landed he banged his head on the brass fender in front of the fireplace. There he lay—looking shockingly dead.

Martin was scared stiff. He dropped down and laid a hand on Kenneth's heart. It was doing fine. He actually had one and it was working.

"He's all right," cried Martin joyously. "Get whisky and a wet towel—quick!"

Carol leaped to do his bidding. Whisky and wet towel did the trick. Up sat Kenneth. As soon as things got into focus for him, he yelled, "I'll have you arrested for assault. Carol, call the police."

"Not the police, Kenneth," she protested. "Think of the publicity—and your family."

It must have been quite a family, for he rejected the police at once. He got to his feet and lowered toward Martin. "Get out of here, heel, before I throw you out."

"I'm going." Martin picked up his hat. He paused. "I'm sorry," he told Carol. "As for the job—it's yours."

She made no reply. She was gazing intently at Kenneth, who was sullenly nursing his jaw. Martin sighed and went away.

☆ THE distance to the subway was several long blocks. He walked along blindly, his entire mind given to the discovery that his opinion of Martin Hunt had hit a new low. Even Carol Manson's couldn't be lower. He wasn't much of an artist and he certainly wasn't a gentleman, or

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by Donald Gordon

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he'd never have hit a girl's fiancé right in her own house. So the only thing for him to do was to go back to Iowa, where his mother would love him no matter what he was, and where his father had a button factory. And the place for Martin was in the button factory—working from the bottom button up.

Thus morbidly preoccupied, he was considerably startled when a taxi suddenly whooshed up alongside him as if it intended to leap to the sidewalk. Carol leaned out of it.

"Get in," she ordered. Automatically he stumbled in. Then he said, "Hey. What's this? What am I doing in here?"

"You forgot your folio," she said.

The cab darted onward. "I'll get out at the next corner. Where is the folio?"

"In the apartment. I didn't bring it," she said. "I wanted to talk to you about the silk brocade in that Queen Anne couch. I like the treatment."

"Oh, sure—be glad to. But hold on. Kenneth won't care for this—"

"He isn't there. He went home. He had," she added thoughtfully, "a rather bad headache."

Martin stifled a groan.

In the apartment, she sat down on the sofa with his portfolio. Thus, in order to explain the Queen Anne sofa, he had to sit beside her, with one half of the big folder on her lap and the other on his. This, for some reason, he found to be something of a nervous strain, so he began to talk like a streak, hoping he was talking about brushwork but being not quite sure.

He ran down finally, and immediately flopped the covers shut, tied the little black strings, and reached for his hat.

"Martin," said Carol. He whirled round. "I want you to know," she said, "that I never for a moment supposed you switched those drawings purposely."

"Th-that's great," he stuttered. "Marvelous. Thank heaven. Thank *you.*"

She held his eyes with hers. "The only thing I don't understand is why you decided not to show Dalton your drawings," she said.

He blushed. "Oh, I just sort of figured it would be a waste of time. I mean, you're so beauti— I mean, I thought I'd just as soon keep on free-lancing."

She shook her head, smiling. "Never mind," she said gently. "You're a very feeble liar. But tell me something. Does your wife draw?"

He jumped. "My *what?*"

"Your wife. Is she an artist?"

"Good heavens, no. I mean, I haven't one. Listen. What on earth would I want with a wife when I haven't even got a job?"

"Oh, yes, you have. It starts Monday."

"Oh, no, it doesn't. But let me tell you something," said Martin, suddenly bold. "If I had a wife and she was an artist, I'd know better than to try to keep her from working."

"Would you, Martin?" said Carol interestedly. "You'd let her draw all she pleased?"

"Darn right," said Martin. "I'd *make* her draw. Why, between the two of us we'd make some real money."

She sighed. "The trouble with Kenneth is, he doesn't understand the creative urge."

☆ MARTIN thought he could mention several things that were the trouble with Kenneth, but he merely said, in a sad sort of way, "Oh, well, if he loves you and you love him, maybe he'll change."

"But I don't love him," said Carol. "I thought I did. When I first came to New York—my home is in Philadelphia—he was terribly nice. I didn't know a soul, and he introduced me to people and we went places and—well, one thing led to another." She paused. Then she leaned forward, eyes wide and solemn. "Martin, do you know what?"

"Wh-what?"

"When you hit Kenneth, I wasn't sorry. I was *glad.*"

"No!" breathed Martin, delighted.

"Actually. Isn't that awful? But, of course, then I knew I didn't love him at all, and naturally I had to tell him so. And I did. Right after you left. Look." She held up her left hand.

The ring was gone. Spellbound, he stood staring at that small unoccupied finger. Now is the time, he told himself, to get away from here. The draft was going to catch him any day now. The future was anybody's guess. He hadn't even a job—

Or had he? He came to a sudden decision. He laid the portfolio on the table, and then he sat down again beside her—closer this time. He took her hand and singled out for individual inspection the denuded third finger.

"I was thinking," he said, "that if you could pick up a little free-lance work, I'd take that job with Dalton, after all."

"Oh, that's all right," said Carol. "I have some on hand now. Lots of it."

He beamed. "Really? Then I will take the job. . . . Because, look. With you free-lancing and me with a good job . . . why, between the two of us, eventually we could . . . or could we?"

"We could," said Carol.

THE END

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PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

Carole Lombard handled her last assignment magnificently.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

★★★★ TO BE OR NOT TO BE (for a brilliant last performance)

Having known Carole Lombard slightly and having admired her tremendously, it is difficult to review the new movie which has come out after her tragic death. For the first few sequences of this fabulous Ernst Lubitsch comedy, you're apt to feel a distinct chill as you watch the brilliant actress risking her life in wartime Poland, even to planning a flight in a bomber. Then you fall under her acting spell. Since this is as strong, or stronger than ever, the film provides a memorable exit for one of the smartest and most engaging glamour girls who ever got behind the husk of Hollywood.

For the late celebrated star has done far more to make To Be or Not to Be a captivating entertainment than Lubitsch or her resourceful partner in the proceedings, Jack Benny. However ill-timed the subject matter of the film, however ill-timed its release after Miss Lombard's death, the actress gives such a splendid account of herself that the picture becomes a challenging post-mortem to her career.

As a great Polish actress and patriot who confounds the Gestapo, bewilders her husband, and enchants all the young men in her vicinity, she gets an acid quality into a comedy of disaster which saves it from being in bad taste.

The story itself is not my idea of complete film fun. Lubitsch has celebrated the exploits of a troupe of actors and actresses in a Warsaw playhouse who are forced underground with the brutal invasion of Poland but emerge to ridicule their captors with trick disguises and make-believe. On paper, some months ago, this plot outline may have seemed hilarious or even significant. On the screen, at this moment, it is a bit hard to take.

This is especially true since Benny is forever going just a bit too far in his antics. You have the choice of laughing at him as a comical nitwit caught in the turmoil of blitzkrieg and persecution, or sympathizing with him as he takes long chances in escaping from the Gestapo and re-establishing his theatrical company in England. The trouble is that buffoon and hero don't ever fuse into one convincing figure. Benny kidding a Gestapo chief out of his wits is his usual funny self, but when he resorts to slapstick during the violence of air raids, killings, and the melodramatic escape of the climax, you're apt to be a bit baffled.

On the other hand, the acting which Miss Lombard contributed to the show is never baffling. She played the wife of the Polish theatrical star with plenty of amusing touches, particularly when engaging in harmless flirtations. But she had the sense and artistry to keep the melodramatic passages of the film as serious as straight drama of this sort should be. Her last assignment was a tough one, but she handled it magnificently.

There are a few bright scenes between the actress and Benny. The best sections of the film find her playing opposite Sig Rumann as a Gestapo colonel, Stanley Ridges as a Polish traitor, and Robert Stack as the young aviator who falls in love with her across the footlights and is instrumental in getting her and the stage group out of Poland. Here is fine eloquent acting which is a testament to a fine career.

(United Artists.)

★★★ THE INVADERS (for a new slant on Nazi terror)

Here's a British film which strikes a new note on the war. It imagines a group of U-boat survivors beating their way through Canada after the destruction of their submarine, and violating every democratic principle on the way. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey in leading roles and Michael Powell as director, it makes its dramatic points powerfully.

What the film tries to do is to show that a typical Nazi lieutenant is no better than a cheap gangster. The Germans quarrel and double-cross each other. They shoot a trapper (Olivier) in cold blood and return Hutterite hospitality in an outlying Canadian community with hatred and violence. They attack a writer and destroy his books and paintings. Finally the last member of the gang strong-arms a Canadian soldier who is A. W. O. L. and tries to get across the United States border.

Laurence Olivier in The Invaders.

The catch with the production is that, while it demonstrates the savage ruthless quality of the average Nazi, it is hard not to sympathize at times with the Germans in their desperate attempt at a getaway. Fortunately Eric Portman's portrayal of the submarine lieutenant is far too vicious for sympathy, and Olivier, Leslie Howard as the writer, and Raymond Massey as the Canadian soldier voice democratic principles clearly and dramatically. Even though it's a bit episodic, The Invaders is a strange and stirring war picture.

(Columbia.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner.

★★★—The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em, Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Helzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ I'M a graduate of an Air Corps Technical School. I work right alongside and with a civilian who is an instructor under civil service. His work and mine are exactly the same and our schedule is evenly divided. This civilian doesn't have to worry about Saturday inspection, the way he dresses for work, the proper salute for an officer, or getting to the mess hall on time, nor does he worry about reveille and roll call in the wee hours before daylight. He comes to work at the regular time and after work goes home to enjoy his time off. Is it good morale that this man should get over $200 per month when I make $30? Do you wonder that I'd like to have his civilian pay and privileges?

B. D. J., Keesler Field, Mississippi.

This question was referred to the War Department and I'll let the reply speak for itself: "It is the opinion of those who have examined into the relative economic status of civilian and military personnel that a contrast the basic rates of pay by no means gives a true basis for comparison. The enlisted man receives his housing, clothing and food without charge, in addition to many other benefits, whereas the civilian engaged in comparable work is responsible for his own support out of his basic pay. Although it would be difficult to equate the value of the various allowances which are offered the enlisted man, there can be no question concerning their very tangible value. Under the present system of promotion, and the Army's procedure in recognizing the value of enlisted specialists, the individual soldier can expect to rise quite rapidly. It is doubtful whether in many cases those engaged in technical work for the Army, as civilians, receive higher total pay than enlisted men performing equivalent duties."

Do you think the authorities will ever stop the gamblers from operating in the vicinity of Army camps? Soldiers' morale would be helped if we had our twenty-one dollars protected from the parasites whose policy is "Never give a sucker an even break."

C. B. P., Camp Blanding, Fla.

Well, son, I've yet to hear of any law which forces a man to get into a crap or poker game. If a soldier hasn't enough will power to stay out of a game he can't afford or thinks may be crooked, then the authorities aren't going to make much difference.

Just a word about "overage" officers. After years of service, of schooling and training, of application to acquire proficiency with our weapons . . . came induction. Then, after months of training selectees and maneuvers . . . came war. Our units were taken away from us and we were assigned to administrative jobs. The years of training just thrown away, all because of an arbitrary age-in-grade law. Most of us, through superior physique to start with and years of physical training afterward, are in better shape than the "youngsters" who replaced us. At a time when combat man power is needed in both quantity and quality, why should this trained, experienced group of officers, many of them veterans who have been under fire, be practically discarded?

"Overage Officer," Albany, Ga.

As I see it, it's a case of the "survival of the fittest," only here the War Department, not nature, governs. That age-in-grade law has been the subject of many a debate, usually ending by some one quoting, "If youth but knew, and age were only able."

Just as a matter of curiosity, why is a lieutenant colonel's insignia a *silver* leaf and a major's a *gold* leaf? I should think it would be the other way round.

P. S. B., Pine Camp, N. Y.

By coincidence, a letter from Fred G. Blakeslee of North Hollywood, California, answers your question. He says that shoulder straps were first prescribed in 1836, at which time a lieutenant colonel's strap border was gold and his leaf silver; a major's border was silver and his leaf gold. When the border of all straps was changed to gold, the leaf colors remained the same. (Try that one on your favorite quiz program.)

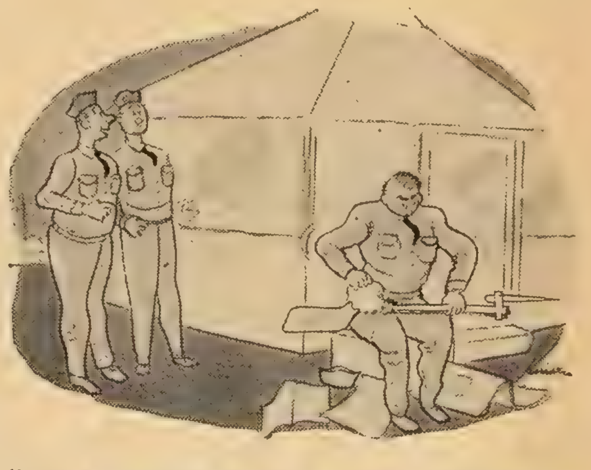
Up pops Mr. C. B. Valle of Mexico City with two good definitions.

Morale: An unknown force that drives a man forward when he wants to go backward.

Strategy: A guessing game between two guessers where each guesser guesses that the other guesser won't guess what he is guessing.

On a recent quiz program a staff sergeant was before the mike. The m. c. asked him to explain the difference between a "buck" sergeant and a staff sergeant. Without a moment's hesitation the reply came, "Just twelve dollars."

E. C. O'K., Fall River, Mass.



"Every time he reads a paper, he begins to clean his gun and check his cartridges!"

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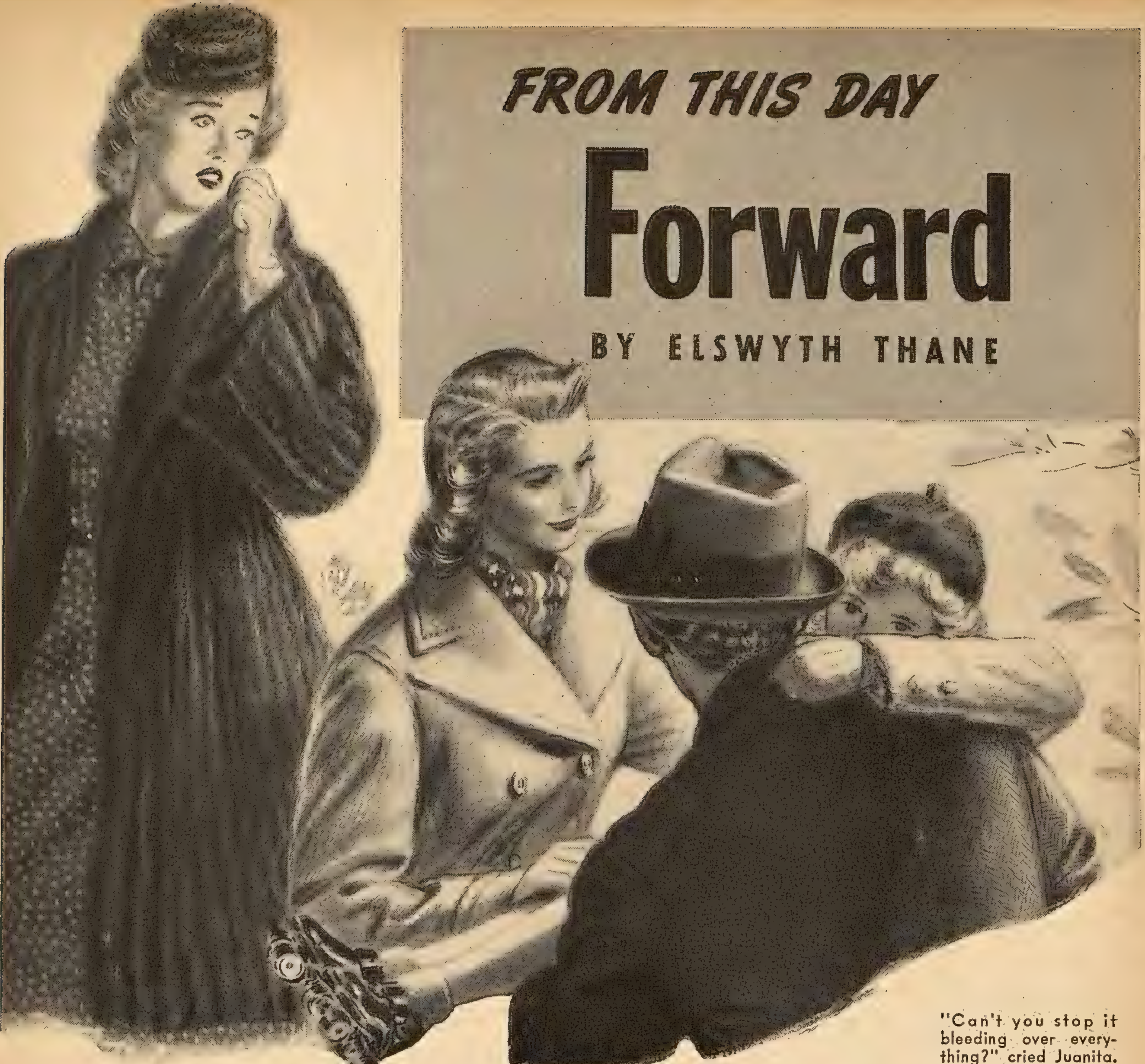
FROM THIS DAY Forward

BY ELSWYTH THANE



"Can't you stop it bleeding over everything?" cried Juanita.

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ELIZABETH DARE, married to Rodney Monroe, handsome young ornithologist, quarrels with him because he insists on his right to go on expeditions when his profession demands it, while she wants him to stay safely at home. To show him that she, too, can live her own life, she decides to return to the stage. Rodney follows her to New York, they patch up their quarrel, and Liz wishes she hadn't signed a run-of-the-play contract to appear in a musical comedy which will keep her in town for heaven knows how long while Rodney is teaching at his university.

At a party after the triumphant opening of Liz's show, Rodney meets a girl, Juanita Donahue, who, besides being blonde and alluring, has written travel books and owns a hacienda in Mexico—which is where Rodney wants to go on his next field trip. His Aunt Virginia, his friend Charles, and Elizabeth can see that he is tremendously interested in her. To make matters worse, Juanita is to visit at Christmas in the town where Rodney's university is located, while Liz must remain in New York to act in her successful show.

PART EIGHT—"YOU OUGHT TO BE FREE!"

AUNT VIRGINIA saw it coming, of course. So did Charles. Not a word passed between them regarding the apprehension they shared, but each knew that the other was watching in the same state of hypnotized helplessness for Rodney to run true to form. Rodney was bored, tied by the leg, disorganized and chafing. Liz or no Liz in his life (and there was precious little of her these days), Rodney was looking for trouble.

As usual, it came to his doorstep. But not often, reflected Aunt Virginia bitterly, had it presented itself in such fancy and flawless form. Blondes had happened before. Women who had done things he admired and been places he coveted had happened before. Sudden crushes who possessed (or achieved) connections at the university had happened before. But never all at once. This triple-threat Donahue girl was simply too much of a good thing. The mere fact that her books read like the illegitimate offspring of a cruise booklet and one of the Rover Boys would never put him off, because after about thirty pages he wouldn't read her books, and because she didn't usually talk the way she wrote—and because she looked the way she did.

She had left him no time to forget her, either. She arrived at the Kennedys' for the pre-Christmas-holiday whirl, and went to all the dances and took morning walks on the Green with a little fur hat perched on her golden hair and a powerful police dog tugging at a leash. By the time Rodney returned from New York in January the university had fallen for her, hook, line, and sinker, and when the spring semester began, Professor Kennedy was basking complacently with his mousey wife in a popularity they had never dreamed of before. On three separate evenings their drawing room was packed with an enthralled audi-

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ence which came to see Juanita Donahue's moving pictures and hear the amusing unboastful little lecture which went with them—to such effect that it was finally arranged for her to appear before a much larger audience in the Auditorium. That, too, was a great success.

There was nothing hard, nothing leathery, nothing frightening to masculine self-esteem about this fragile-seeming thing with the soft voice and the big blue eyes under a golden bang, who yet possessed the stamina and courage and enterprise to do things and go places which would have taxed the lustiest of them. They ate it up. They flocked around her. They applied for jobs as cameraman and porter and general provider; they paid her old-fashioned compliments and made modern uninhibited jokes. She took it all with perfect composure, and gave each of them a small intimate smile and a lift of her shadowed eyelids to carry away with him and ponder again, for it would seem to set him apart from all the others during that brief moment when her eyes met his.

☆ RODNEY, of course, was present with Aunt Virginia on these evenings in the Kennedys' drawing room. Once, on a Sunday, Elizabeth was present too, and beheld with respect and a tinge of envy the films and photographs of Juanita's splendid hacienda home in Mexico, where she had spent a fabulous childhood living like a princess, with her own maidservants and *mozo* and horses, in an apparently secure inheritance of her father's wealth in the silver mines. It was all gone now, she told them in her light touching voice with an admirable absence of self-pity.

Her father had found it impossible to hold on against the internal disorders and government restrictions—there were serious ructions in the mines, and finally a shooting affray which resulted in the death of some of their best men in defense of the rights of the owner. It was all very terrible for a little girl to experience; she would never forget how she and her father had fled at night from the insurrectionists and after three days in the wilderness, when even food was hard to get, had found refuge with friends at Taxco. (She didn't say which revolution, and Obregon's assassination in 1928 was skillfully embedded in the vague chronology of her eventful childhood.)

She had returned to Mexico in 1934, when these pictures were taken, a homeless little ghost haunting the scenes of her former grandeur, and she found them sadly changed. A Mexican family had moved into the hacienda. Some of the old servants were still around, and had been touchingly glad to see their *niña* come back.

The mines had known a long period of inactivity, but now the earth was being futilely scratched at again—it took a man like her father to really get results down there, and he had died years ago in exile from the place he had so long called home. The Mexican usurpers seemed prosperous and friendly, and had allowed her to wander about unmolested on her heartbreaking pilgrimages.

She had gone back again in 1937, and thought everything looked a little run down and dreary. And now she had heard that the mines were crawling with German agents. So she meant to go and find out about that for herself in the spring, and get some color films of fiestas and native dances. To think of her lovely hacienda in the hands of Nazis was really too much. . . .

Very well done, Elizabeth was thinking coolly as the pictures faded from the screen and the lights came on again. Very clever indeed. A teeny bit overplayed, perhaps, but they fell for it, in that voice. Liz, you're up against it, she thought. Not yet perhaps—no, certainly not yet. Rodney will put up a decent fight. But he's interested. Bound to be. And she's smart; she knows better than to rush him. Well, I brought it on myself, whatever happens. If I was here on the job every day in the week, she wouldn't matter *that* to him. At least, I don't think she would. But no, I have to make it easy for her! I practically hand him over on a platter! Liz, you're on a spot. She's here to use Kennedy's library, is she! And how about Rodney's library? That's full of books about Mexico too! I wonder how soon she's going back there—if he follows her. If he goes to Mexico for the eagles this summer, Liz, we're done for. . . .

On that Monday Elizabeth walked across the Green with Rodney to a two-o'clock class, before taking the train back to New York. Fifteen more minutes together—they had come to that, in the slow starvation she had let them in for. Fifteen more minutes to tell him things she had forgotten, to hear him say things she could take away to remember. Then, outside the Laboratory, he would raise his hat to her, their fingers would tighten and tear apart, and he would turn away, smiling—

☆ IT was a dry, cold, sunny January day, and the children were out with their dogs and roller skates. Midway across the Green they saw Juanita Donahue coming toward them along the ribbon of cement, her little fur hat cocked over one eye, the big dog stalking beside her. She waved to them, and just as she got within speaking distance a small girl on roller skates shot past her from behind, careened into the dog, and fell in a heap on the walk between them. Instantly Juanita was on her knees beside the child, who was howling her head off, and Rodney and Elizabeth arrived a few seconds later.

"There, there," Juanita was saying in her pretty voice, mopping at the child's streaming eyes with a lace-edged handkerchief. "Darling, I'm *so* sorry. How *did* it happen? I didn't *see* you at all—"

Rodney knelt down and went after

the real difficulty, which was large skinned places on the plump bare knees.

"That's a nasty scrape, Cathie," he was saying sympathetically to the child, who was a daughter of one of the professors. "Let's get the skates off, shall we? You'll want to walk home, I expect—"

"Ugh! My heaven, she's *bleeding!*" cried Juanita sharply, and stood up with such suddenness that Cathie lost her balance and grabbed at Rodney's shoulder and yelled louder than ever.

"Just a bad scrape," said Rodney, dabbing at the poor little knees with his white handkerchief, while Elizabeth worked at the skate straps. "But it's full of grit, and wants to be painted with iodine the minute you get home, Cathie, do you hear?"

"Can't you stop it bleeding all over everything?" cried Juanita. "Can't you tie it up?"

"I don't want to tie it up while it's still dirty. Now, look, Cathie. It's all right, it doesn't hurt as much as all that. You tell mother to—"

"I've got to be going," said Juanita rather breathlessly, her eyes averted. "I can't look—forgive me, but I—must go on—" And she walked away quickly, the big dog padding at her side.

"She's a bit squeamish, it seems to me, for an intrepid female from the open spaces!" said Elizabeth.

"Some people can't bear the sight of blood," he said.

"Does she call that blood?" Elizabeth pointed to his red-dappled handkerchief and the few little drops which stood out on Cathie's raw knees.

"It's a thing they really can't control," he said, and picked up the skates and handed them to her. "I knew a varsity football player once who fainted at sight of a nosebleed. You'd better take Cathie home on your way back." He raised his hat to her above the still whimpering child. "Good-by, honey. I'll be there when you get home from the matinee on Saturday."

" 'By, Rodney." Their glances clung. "Do you want to come to the show that night?"

"Sure I want to come to the show!" His forefinger rested a moment beneath her tilted chin. "Just the way I used to!"

He replaced his hat and smiled at her and walked away toward his two-o'clock class. He was pretty sweet, she thought, taking Cathie's hand and turning back with her, carrying the skates. Pretty sweet, to come and sit in the front row all by himself, just for old times' sake. It's going to take some beating, Juanita.

☆

CHARLES got a nasty shock the day he came into Rodney's study and found Miss Donahue ensconced at the student's table in the window, with a stack of books about Mexico beside her. Very businesslike she was, in a slim dark frock with a white frill, and her blonde curls smooth and shining; very busy writing things down in a notebook. Rod-

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ney was working at his own desk in the usual way, and Charles drew up a chair at the corner of it and worked on the leaf, in the usual way.

All according to Hoyle and established Monroe custom. And yet, without looking, you knew she was there, you were disturbingly conscious between your shoulder blades of an alien presence. You had, if you were Charles, a premonition. When he had finished all he came to do, he packed up his briefcase and left, in the usual way, closing the study door behind him.

"Ahoy!" said Aunt Virginia from the stairs. "Come back to lunch."

"Well, I don't know. I—" He hesitated. His eyes met hers appealingly.

"I said come back to lunch," she repeated.

"O. K.," said Charles. "If that won't make too many."

"Since when is four too many around here?" asked Aunt Virginia, and he escaped out the door with a grin. Reinforcements signaled for. Aunt Virginia was feeling the strain. Neither of them had glanced once toward the study.

* * *

AT that luncheon, and many others similar to it, the conversation rolled smoothly along, lit by flashes of laughter and unembarrassed by pauses. Juanita Donahue's attitude toward Aunt Virginia was so completely right that it somehow became monstrously wrong—the attitude of a visiting child anxious to make a good impression.

She was afraid of Charles, and it showed in a half-bullying, half-defensive barrage of backchat which drove him almost crazy. With Rodney she kept up an idolatrous formality which was at the same time more intimate than her impudence to Charles. Rodney was the master, she the humble disciple. Charles in his innards writhed and seethed. And Rodney? The same formality was his—the punctilious touch to his good manners, the gravity of gaze, the avoidance of any familiarity in address, the impersonal admiration of a colleague and an equal. Aunt Virginia could have smacked him.

It was a game, as subtle and entrancing as a minuet, and twice as full of innuendo. They played it alone in the study as well as at lunch—till the air of the quiet room tingled with unspoken words and glances duly bereft of double meanings. Rodney had, he thought, a grip on things, since that first reflex response to a familiar challenge. An occasional chance encounter, a brief crossing of foils now and then, would have been one thing—this heedless invasion of territory which was, after all, Liz's home ground, was not so good. In the rooms which had embraced his daily life with Liz it was impossible for him to behave otherwise than as though that life was still going on as usual.

And so Miss Donahue found herself at arm's length, and schooled herself wisely to a graceful submission to his masculine notions about the things one did and did not do. Her eyes, with their upward look, her small white hands tugging at a heavy book, her sweet confiding voice with its unfinished phrases and tactful evasions—these she could not, presumably, help. And the things she said, and the things she left unsaid, were as carefully timed and selected inside her busy head as the moves of a chess game.

She would have denied, even to her mirror, that she was deliberately setting out to take Rodney away from his wife. But she and Rodney had so much in common, so much more (she was sure) than existed between him and the woman he had married, and it was in her power to give him something of what he so obviously lacked of understanding and companionship. She wasn't really trying to steal him from Liz Dare. That is—she meant to give him back. And as for Liz—well, who was she to complain! Everybody knew that she and Stanley . . .

Thus the days slid past toward the spring recess, which would give Rodney a fortnight's holiday to spend with Liz in New York. He was looking forward to it more than he could believe. The game with Juanita Donahue was wearing him down. Insurgent impulses ruthlessly strangled were telling on his peace of mind. One careless moment now might land them in a disastrous situation from which there could be no retreat save flight. Danger and uncertainty lent, as usual, a certain fascination—but at the same time he would be very glad of Liz, with whom one could relax, thank heaven, let down all barriers, and know exactly where one was. Well, there it was again. With Liz one settled down, ceased to strive, ceased (perhaps) to accomplish. But one knew what peace could be.

"You'll have this place to yourself for a while," he said on an afternoon in March. "I'm going down to New York tonight for the spring recess."

Juanita gave him that upward look beneath her shadowed eyelids and her small sad smile.

"I expect I'll be gone when you get back," she said. "I've nearly finished here. And I want to be at Cuernavaca for Easter. The Alisons have asked me to stay, and there will be stuff to photograph all round there."

"Well, I'll miss you," he said, an idle pen in his hand. "What's more, I'll envy you. Are you flying down?"

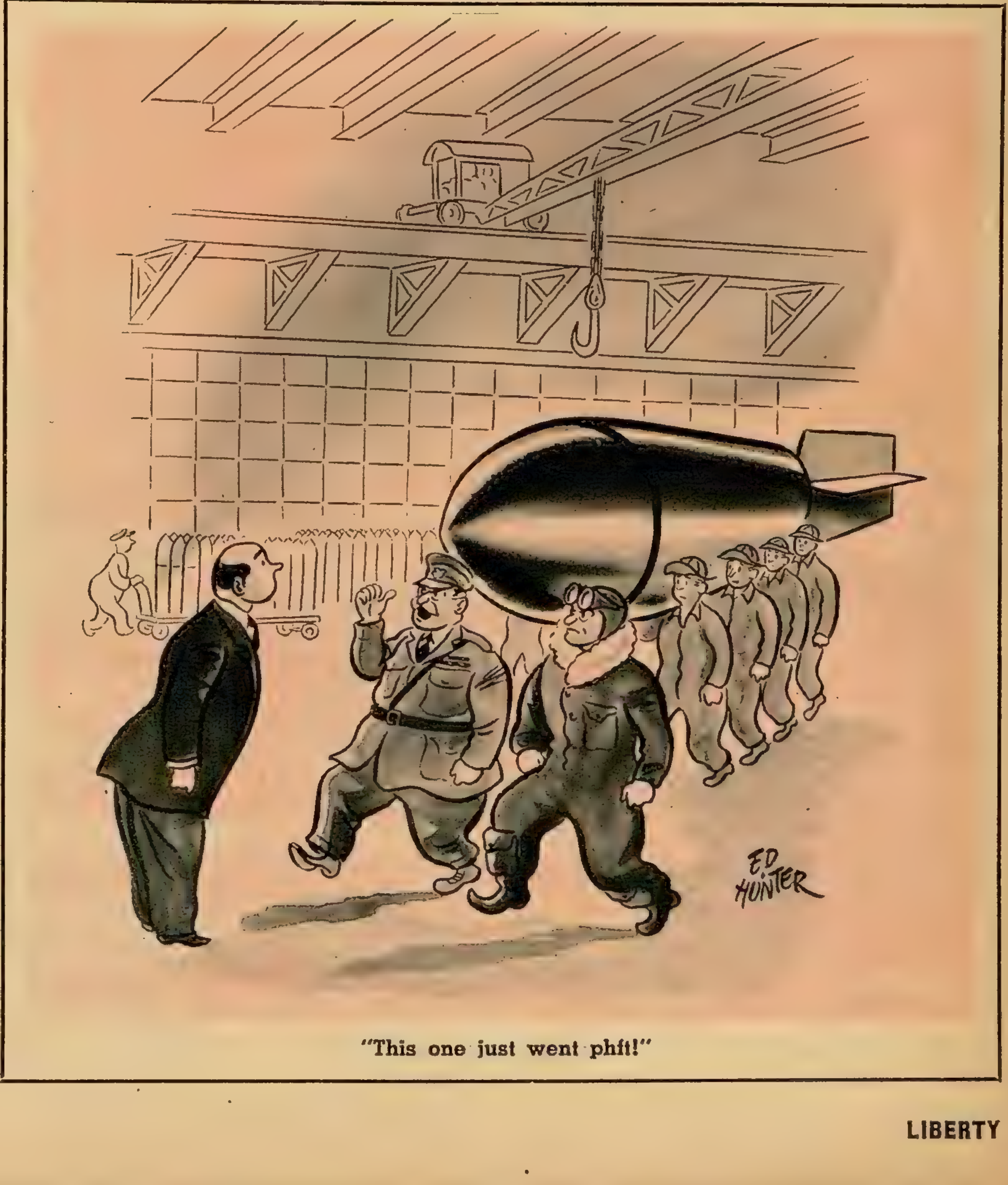
"Not this time. I have friends in Santa Fe, where I'll pick up a car and drive in through Laredo. There's a grand road now, straight to Mexico City—not like the old days!"

"M'm-hm." He was correcting freshman notebooks, his pen poised above the page. "You sure have my blessing. That empty place in the back seat is me wishing I was there."

"Why don't you come along?" she said.

There was a silence, during which the little traveling clock on his desk ticked loudly.

"I work here," he said at last, and



"This one just went phft!"

made a mark on the drawing before him, "believe it or not."

"What would happen if you just walked out?"

"I'd get fired." His eyes met hers across the width of the room. "More ways than one."

"Good thing if you did. You don't belong here."

"I'm doin' all right here," he said, and his pen began to draw little useless squiggles on the blotter.

"Are you happy?"

"Perfectly."

"That's a lie."

"I know it is, but it's the right answer all the same."

"Why don't you admit you're the loneliest soul in the world?"

Rodney, who, like most men, wouldn't have known his own lonely soul if he fell over it, eyed her warily.

"Well, I—don't—think I—"

"You're wasting your life sitting behind a desk, correcting exercises and going to faculty meetings!" she cried. "You're no more meant for this artificial, circumscribed life than your eagles are meant to be caged!"

"I expect to live through it, though," he murmured, and smiled.

"You oughtn't to have just to live through things! You ought to be free! You ought to be able to pack a bag and go wherever you like at a moment's notice, without waiting for the end of the term!"

"That's Utopia," he smiled.

"For you it's only common sense! The first thing you know, you'll be in such a rut you'll be *satisfied* to live here like this, with less than three months of the year to call your own! And soon after that you'll lose your waistline and your sense of direction and turn into just another professor, narrow-minded and conventional and —*civilized!*"

☆

"WELL, I was brought up civilized, don't forget. I only reverted to the jungle after I graduated."

"Because you were driven by something free and splendid inside you to find your right environment, which is *away* from all this! You don't belong in a collar and tie behind a stack of exams! You belong on the deck of a ship, or the back of a horse, or in the cockpit of a plane, with the wind in your face! You don't belong in New York for the spring recess, you—"

"Liz didn't belong in Central America either, but she stuck it out, and saved my life into the bargain," he said sharply, for Juanita had made a mistake with that reference to his New York plans. "And while we're on the subject, I don't belong, at Easter, in Mexico with you."

"I wasn't suggesting that you did," she recovered herself with quick humility. "I'm sorry if I gave the impression that I—thought that was anything more than an impossible shining sort of dream. I— You see, I have a bad habit of telling myself fairy stories—I suppose all lonely children learn to do that—and I *have* dreamed of showing you the house I used to live in and the places I love so

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much—" Her golden head was bent, her small hands twisted a lace-edged handkerchief in her lap.

"I'd like very much to see them." He laid down his pen and rose and went to sit on the corner of the table above her. "Perhaps I can see them sometime. I still want those eagles, you know."

She raised her head hopefully, with starry worshiping eyes.

"If only I can find you Manuel, my old *mozo*—he knows all that country like his own pocket, and it would cut your time and trouble in half to have him with you. Is there any chance of your coming down this summer in case I do find him?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I want to, of course, but I'm afraid, even if I could get away the minute final exams end in June, it would be pretty late for fledglings by then—"

"Not at that altitude! Oh, *please* say you'll come!" She laid her hand on his sleeve, her face upturned to his. "It needn't take long, if you fly both ways. You could be back here in a matter of weeks. Charles could run that place in Maine till you—"

"Charles would have to come with me," he said, and looked her in the eyes. "I never go anywhere without him and the accordion; it's bad luck. Does that cancel your invitation?"

"Why, no, of course not!" she cried, all innocence. "But surely you can find some one to run the Station till you get back?"

"I expect so."

"Then—then you *will* come down?" There was a moment's silence.

"Yes—I think I will," he said, his eyes on hers.

* * *

INSTEAD of reaching for him, which would have been fatal, she relaxed into her chair, and her hand fell away from his sleeve with the weariness of a battle won.

"It makes me so happy I could cry!" she whispered. "It's the thing I want most in the world—to be with you when you see that part of the country. You'll love it, I know—just as much as I do."

"Not much doubt about that," he said matter-of-factly, and went back to his desk and began to stack up notebooks preparatory to departing for a class.

"Then the next time we meet will be at Mexico City! I'll drive up to the airport to meet you."

"That's fine. Leave an address where I can wire you when we start."

"Oh, you'll be hearing from me!" she said lightly. "As soon as I get there I'll write you exactly what the situation is. One never knows down there from one week to the next!"

"O. K.," he said, just as lightly, and picked up his hat and came to her, his hand out. "Till the end of June!"

"Till Mexico!" she said, her fingers soft and lingering in his.

When the door had closed behind him she sat a long while, her chin in her hand. He had made his decision so easily, when the time came; made it independently, and without reservations, a man who was unaccustomed to being interfered with in his decisions. Charles would come with him and Liz Dare could lump it. He was going to her for his holidays with a clear conscience, and when he returned, full of renewed virtue—Juanita was a realist—he would find the study empty except for the promise of June. It was taking a big risk to leave him like this. It was taking a bigger one to stay and let something happen which might scare him off for good. Now was the time to go, while he still thought he had everything well in hand.

Three months one would have to get along without seeing him. But there was a great deal to do in Mexico before he came.

* * *

HE didn't tell Liz till the last evening. The fortnight together had drawn them close again, in spite of the fact that Rodney had his choice of spending the evenings at the theater, or alone, or with friends who didn't seem to fill in the time very well. And he had his mornings to himself, too, because in a heavy role and a long run Elizabeth always slept late. The rest of the time—except for matinees—they had with each other. And it was enough to prove, if they had needed proof, that all the old enchantment was still there.

They had been counting on that last evening, which was a Sunday. He would be leaving early Monday

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morning for a class. The delicate matter of his proposed flying trip to Mexico had not weighed too heavily on his mind, because now that the time element had been reduced to a minimum he felt that the main objection—the only valid objection—had been removed. If Mercer opened the Station, he would be back in time to take over. And if Liz could only close her beastly show, there was their summer again practically intact.

The trouble with closing the show while business was still good was that it meant wantonly throwing sixty-seven people out of work, most of whom needed it very badly. Liz had the trouper's contempt for the star who got tired of doing eight performances a week and sat back on a bank account while the little people started hunting another job. And if she broke or bought up her contract, the show would fold.

☆ SITTING on the davenport with her, at hot-milk time that last evening, Rodney drew a long breath and cautiously opened the subject.

"This sort of thing is sure easy to take," he remarked. "I could do with a lot more of the same."

Elizabeth stirred gratefully and murmured assent. She was leaning against him with her feet up on the davenport and her eyes shut while he read her things from the Sunday papers, which they had only just got round to look at. The Book Review slid to the floor, his hand cupped her chin, crept gently round her throat.

"Are you going to close the show this summer?" he said. "Or shall I choke the sing out of you right now?"

"If it isn't closed by the first of July, you can choke me then," she promised, nestling.

"Honest?"

"Honest."

Rodney was boomeranged.

"Give it till the first of August," he said. "I'm going to fly to Mexico right after exams and fly back with the birds. Then we'll go to Maine."

It was out. Elizabeth sat very still, his hand on her throat.

"Since when?" she said.

"Since a couple of weeks ago."

"Juanita Donahue," she said.

"Nope. Eagles."

"I suppose they grow in her back yard down there!"

"Well, practically. She's going to hunt up her old *mozo* to help me get 'em, which will simplify things for me quite a lot."

"She'll be there."

"Thereabouts, perhaps. But so will Charles!" he added, and grinned above her head. "And probably Sturgis too. I've written him. So you see I'll be thoroughly chaperoned."

"Does she know they're coming?"

"Certainly."

"That ought to cramp her style—but not very much!"

"Now, look, Liz—"

She shook off his hand and sat up, swinging her feet from the couch to the floor.

"What does Charles say to all this?"

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"Nothing," he replied, recalling the ominous lack of enthusiasm with which Charles had received the project. It had not been mentioned between them again.

"Charles is well trained by now, I guess!" she said bitterly. "I've learned not to expect much from Charles."

"Liz, I give you my word, Juanita Donahue will be nothing but a means to an end. With her help I think I can get my birds easily, quickly, and without too much expense. I can finance it myself this way, and then we can forget it, I hope."

"And what's she going to be doing all that time?"

"I don't know. I don't care. That's up to her. She asked me to come, she offered to help, and I accepted at its face value. If she's got anything more in mind, it's just too bad." With the words on his lips, he believed them. "So will you please be reasonable about this thing—"

"That's just what I mean to be. I know when I'm licked." She rose, straight and slender in her long house gown. "Well—thanks for the ride!" she said, and turned away.

"Now, wait, Liz—" He was on his feet too. "You've got it all wrong. How you can possibly object to my spending two or three weeks in Mexico, entirely surrounded by Charles and Sturgis—"

"Don't forget the eagles!"

"Yes, *and* the eagles!"

"And Miss Donahue's old *mozo*, don't forget him!"

"Well, there you are!" He spread his hands. "What in blazes are you kicking about?"

"I'm not kicking. It's just happened a little sooner than I—expected, that's all. I'm trying to be nice about it, Rodney. Give me credit for that!"

"Nice about it!"

"I'm trying not to hang round your neck and snivel because you're leaving me. I'm trying to let you go gracefully, as I promised myself I would, when the time came. Because I knew it would come. I know the signs, if you don't! Maybe you're not in love with Juanita Donahue now, this minute, because you're still here with me. But you will be in love with her when you come back from Mexico, and Charles is a mere—technicality!"

"This is the sort of thing that got us where we are now," he reminded her grimly. "You went haywire once before, remember? That time you signed a contract. Then you saw the light—too late. Well, I'm warning you, Liz, if you start a divorce suit over this trip I'll fight it, here or in Reno, or anywhere you like! Unless, of course, you really prefer a husband who sits behind a nice mahogany desk in a New York office every day in the year, like your friend Stanley!"

"You leave Stanley out of this!" she cried furiously.

"I'd like to," he said, and his eyes were cool and watchful. "I'm trying to be reasonable too. But I'll play Stanley against Juanita Donahue if I have to, which will make very nice reading at the university, won't it!"

"How *dare* you say such a thing!"

"Because I'm trying to make you see sense this time, and because—"

"Even if it were true, you couldn't afford a scandal like that in your position!"

"The hell with my position! If you smash up our marriage now, I'll resign anyway. There's nothing to keep me here!"

"*I* certainly won't try to keep you here, when you'd rather be free! Juanita Donahue, or somebody like her, was bound to happen to us some day. I took that risk with my eyes open. And don't try to fool yourself that she isn't out to kill. I know her kind and so do you! Either you see her game clearly and don't care, or you're stupider than I think you are, so don't stand there looking innocent!"

"All right. For the sake of argument, suppose she has a game? Was I born yesterday? Why do you think I'm taking Charles and Sturgis?"

"To make it look better!"

"You're wrong! To get the birds! And when I've got 'em, I leave. Maybe she doesn't think I can. Apparently, neither do you! What will you bet, Liz? The rest of our lives together against my being back here in July with the birds?"

"If you go," she said quietly, "you needn't come back here."

She left the room with her head up, and a few moments later the door of her bedroom closed.

So Rodney went to bed in the guest

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room where, fortunately, he kept a lot of spare parts in a drawer of the chiffonier. And they slept that night with a closed door between them, which was a thing that had never happened in their marriage before.

It never occurred to Rodney to try if the door was locked. The way Rodney had been brought up, if a lady closed her door against you, you were definitely out in the cold till she opened it again, and no pounding on the panels and demanding admittance. There was just enough guilt in his relationship with Juanita Donahue to complicate things. He honestly believed that he could handle it and come away. But he knew that not even Charles agreed with him. He knew that even Aunt Virginia expected him to backslide. Well, if they were all so convinced that he was the world's prize heel . . .

Elizabeth, on the other side of the door, waited breathlessly when she heard him coming down the passage to bed—waited for him to lay his hand on the knob and discover that she had not turned the key. What would happen then, she didn't quite know. A little firmness from him might have brought her tearfully into his arms. After all, it was their last evening. . . .

When Rodney went to bed in the guest room she pulled the covers over her head and lay there in a little heap, too miserable to cry. This was the end.

He had gone to his train before she was awake in the morning. There was a note on her breakfast tray:

Darling Liz—

In case you can forgive me for all that I haven't yet done, I will come down next Saturday if you will let me. Don't let's fight through the mails.

Rodney.

☆ SHE read it once and then wadded it up and threw it across the room. Snorky trotted busily after it, brought it back, and got cuffed for his pains. Then was cried over.

It was typical of Liz Dare that she never once dreamed of confiding in any of her women friends. People like Caroline Jones, she knew, would exhort her not to stand any nonsense. Minnie Blaine would no doubt assure her philosophically that all men were a little that way. Ernestine Guerber, in whose eyes Rodney could do no wrong, would probably never speak to her again anyway. Aunt Virginia—but one couldn't very well consult Aunt Virginia behind Rodney's back. She thought of Charles, who was already overdue on his promise to shoot her. She thought of Stanley, because he was always a bulwark to her self-esteem—but pride forbade her to admit that she couldn't hold her own against Juanita Donahue. She thought of Andrew, and laid her hand on the phone and took it away again. No. One couldn't go squealing to Andrew; he thought very highly of Rodney.

It would have to come out some time, of course, that Juanita had won. But not yet. Not till the show closed and she was able to go away and hide. Hide where? Reno? Maybe if she didn't get a divorce right away no one would have to know quite how it happened. But of course she would have to get a divorce. Rodney couldn't traipse about the world with the Donahue girl unless he married her. . . . But perhaps if he wasn't free to marry her . . . You aren't as low as that, Liz. And it's no good crying any more—you'll look your age if you do.

☆ WHEN Rodney got her note to say that he had better not come down on Saturday as there didn't seem to be anything more to say, he was seized by a highly unscientific impulse to throw the eagles overboard forever and call the whole thing off. It surprised him, but there it was. Give in to Liz. Never see Juanita Donahue again. Yellow, eh?

The old battle was on again between his job as he saw it and his love—and he hated to think that there was not room in his life for both. Liz held him with silken bonds far stronger than iron. He had once prophesied truly that without her he would never know peace again. But Juanita had planted one devilish sentence in his mind that summed up all his secret forebodings and crystallized his problem: *The first thing you know, you'll be satisfied to live here like this*—

With Liz back in the house, yes. With Liz he realized he had a life full of gracious possibilities he had never seriously contemplated before. If he lost Liz now he was maimed for life, he knew that. But he didn't mean to lose her. She had come round before, and bitterly regretted the contract with Pete. If he was careful and clever, she would come round again—in July. The bet was now definitely on with himself that he would be back in July with the birds—and with nothing on his conscience.

So the first week-end passed that they did not spend together. On the Monday Rodney wrote again:

Liz darling—

I'm pretty miserable, thanks, and how are you? Suppose I am willing to swear off after this trip—would that do? And how if I come down next Saturday? Even if you say No I can always buy a ticket, the way I used to do!

Rodney.

Her answer did not arrive till Saturday morning:

Dear Rodney—

I have written this letter a dozen times, but the answer always comes out the same—No. So I'll just let it go at that, I guess. If you came, I'd only howl and make a fool of myself. I can't change my mind, any more than you can change yours. It will be easier if we don't see each other again. I'll do my best to handle the divorce as quietly as possible.

Liz.

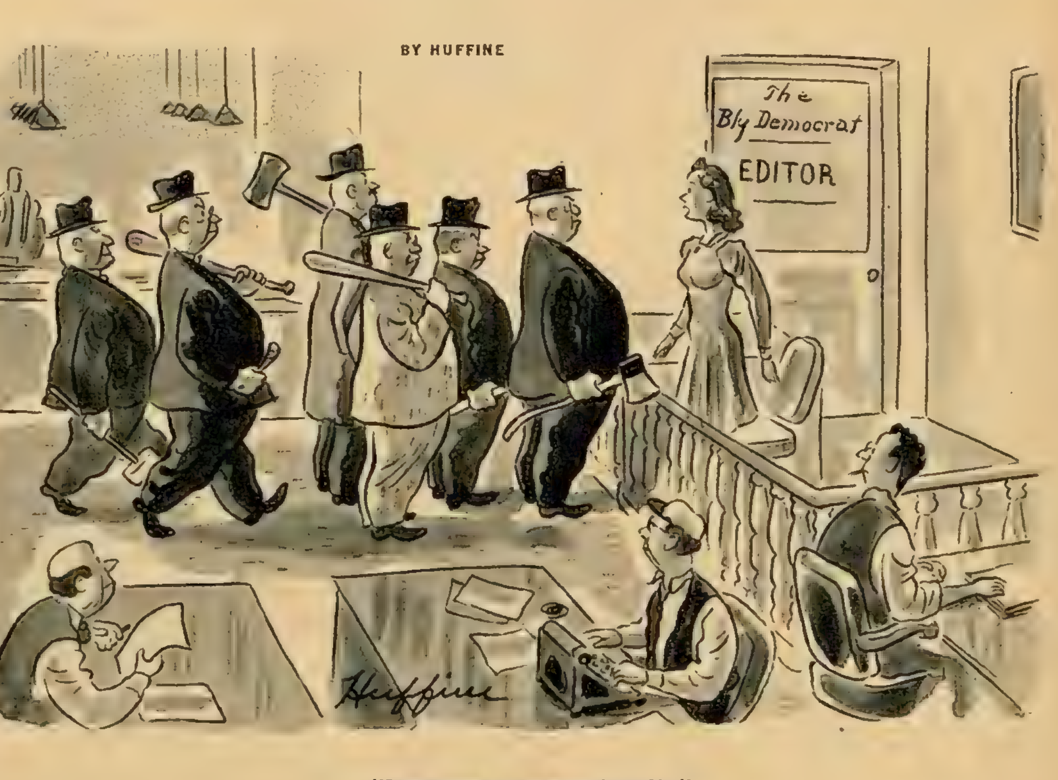
Rodney took an afternoon train to New York, got a ticket to Pan Americana with some difficulty, put on a dinner jacket, and saw the show from the fifth row. To his searching eyes she looked tired, but her performance did not falter. Liz was trouping.

After the final curtain he went out to the drugstore on the corner and drank a cup of coffee. When the right amount of time had elapsed he went back to the theater and stood in the shadows under the darkened marquee, watching the blind alley which led to the stage door. If she came out alone he was going to speak to her. If not—he didn't know. The limousine at the curb was not hers, so presumably some one was taking her out to supper. He waited in the soft spring air, his heart like lead.

She came out with Stanley. Her face was upturned, and she smiled, and his hand held her elbow possessively. He put her into the car and it drove away with them.

A long time later Rodney found himself back at Grand Central, getting into a train. He never knew quite how he got there.

Is this the end? Will Liz really divorce Rodney? And will he turn to Juanita to forget the woman he truly loves? Next week's chapter leads up to the novel's unexpected climax.



"Business or social call?"

MAX PETER HAAS PHOTO

Needless to say, Walter was at the ringside during the Louis-Baer exhibition.

WALTER WINCHELL—AMERICAN PHENOMENON—Cont. from Page 13

Winchell, night-clubbing with Winchell, riding with Winchell in his police radio-equipped sedan while collecting material, got out of the car after the final interview and said:

"Thanks, Walter. You don't know it, but you've just paid my apartment rent for the summer."

This biographer then proceeded to beat Winchell's ears off in print.

Winchell stirs up inexplicable enthusiasms and resentments in people. A lot of very nice persons like him very much; a lot of their equally nice friends detest him on general and sometimes vague principles. Many of them have never met the man.

He has been called "America's Number One Patriot"—and has a medal from the American Legion to prove it. And he has been called something far, far less complimentary. When he pops into a night club he never knows what is going to happen. A press agent once came over to his table.

"Walter," he said, "I hate to bother you, but there's a very sweet little girl over at my table. From out of town. The ambition of her life is to meet Walter Winchell. Could you just say hello to her?"

"Glad to," said Winchell.

The press agent brought her over, introduced them. Walter started to say something cordial. The girl's lips quivered, twisted into a sneer.

"You think you're a big shot, don't you?" she said in a loud hysterical voice.

She turned and fled. The press agent followed suit. He came back later.

"I don't know what to say, Walter. She's outside, leaning against the building, crying her eyes out. Said she doesn't know what ever made her say a thing like that. She didn't intend to. She—"

"Forget it," said Winchell—but he's still trying to figure that one out.

Most persistent criticism of him has centered upon his knowledge of and occasional association with gangsters of the prohibition era. He points out, rather reasonably, that he was engaged in writing a gossip column, that to obtain gossip he had to make the rounds of speakeasies and night clubs patronized by the scions of New York's finest families—most of them "debutramps" and playboys whom Winchell neither liked nor understood—and that these night clubs were all gangster-controlled or operated. He says, with flat honesty, that of the two classes, he preferred the gangsters. They were ruthless and, often enough, vermin—but most of them had a trait that Winchell, a sentimental man, could understand. If some one who was "regular" fell on evil days, it was the "baddies," not the wealthy sophisticates, who slapped on the line the price of a hospital room. Other newspapermen have noticed this.

Barbershops form a recurrent motif in any story about Winchell. In his early days he first met Owney Madden, prohibition beer czar, in a barbershop frequented by the Broadway mob—actors, columnists, newspapermen, gangsters, and gamblers. He had just been shaved, and was about to pay his check when the proprietor's daughter told him a man in the place wanted to meet him.

"Who is he?" Winchell asked.

"Owney Madden."

Madden came over, said: "Hello, Walter. I understand you're regular. Just wanted you to know we're all in your corner."

He reached for the check in Winchell's hand. Winchell, the ethical newsboy, drew it back.

"No, no, I'll pay it. I have money."

In his anxiety to demonstrate, he pulled out a couple of ones—and with them came a Morris Plan loan book. He had borrowed $1,000 to tide his wife over a recent illness.

Madden looked at the loan book in amazement. "What's a smart guy like you doing with a sucker thing like that?" he demanded, grabbing it. "Don't you know that if you need money, all you have to do is ask for it? What do you want—a grand? Here."

He peeled off two $500 bills. Winchell backed away.

"I couldn't do it, Mr. Madden. I'm a newspaperman. I can't place myself under any obligation to a man like you."

Madden scratched his puzzled head. "What was that you said? Place yourself under what?"

"Obligation."

"What's that?"

"Why, you know," Winchell explained, "if I let you do this for me, you might ask a favor of me sometime, and I couldn't do it."

Winchell has gray-blue eyes. The New York Police Department says so officially. His critics—and his wife—say his eyes can be agate-hard. But Madden's, at that moment, were harder. They went through Winchell like an ice pick.

"Favor of *you*," Madden sneered. "What favor could a punk like you ever do for me?"

He tossed the Morris Plan book over his shoulder and stalked out of the place. Winchell had to retrieve the book from the floor.

Later he and Madden became good friends. Later, too, Madden insisted upon giving Winchell a Stutz that Winchell had seen and admired in a Broadway showroom. Winchell, fearful of offending him, accepted it. That story has been told before. What hasn't been told is that Winchell—though he could not afford it at the time—returned the Stutz to the dealers and bought it, forking over $2,200 of his own money to square his conscience. It was a secondhand job; the repair bills kept him virtually broke.

On the night that Dutch Schultz was slain in New Jersey, two of the Dutchman's lobbygows were surprised in the same barbershop where Winchell had met Madden and were shot to death. Winchell still feels a little squeamish when he recalls that the shooting took place just before he himself was to have walked into the place for his nightly shave.

It was hard by that barbershop, too, that two Nazi sympathizers, incensed over Winchell's attacks upon Bruno Hauptmann, kidnaper of the Lindbergh child, one night stepped out of a doorway and fired a couple of one-two punches at Winchell, jarring loose a pivot tooth. The story got more front-page play than a nation-wide news story that had broken that same night.

Winchell, who has been attacking Hitler, the Bund, and American Nazis ever since Dorothy Thompson interviewed the little paper hanger and said he would never be more than a peanut chancellor, had a barbershop experience quite recently. He was in a Washington hotel, getting shaved, just after his country told German and Italian attachés to pack their bags and *bon voyage*. He was lying back, his collar open, a towel over his face, quite relaxed. Another customer had just been shaved and was dawdling near by. Winchell saw him when the barber sat Winchell up and removed the towel. He gave Winchell a curiously intent glance. Winchell thought his face looked familiar and, when he had left, asked the barber:

"Who is that man? He seems to know me."

"He does. Recognized you when you came in. He asked me, to make sure. He's Hans Thomsen, the German attaché."

"My God!" said Winchell. "He could have cut my throat!"

Having made some sturdy enemies, he doesn't discount the possibility that some angry Nazi might give him a once-over lightly in a barber chair.

In the upstairs of a building next to the Stork Club, Winchell's night-life headquarters, Sherman Billingsley has installed Jimmy, the barber who always shaved Winchell at the shop where he met Madden. Winchell, who answers telephone calls or talks with friends in the barbershop while being shaved—a custom that may one day turn Jimmy into a neurotic—tries not to let any one else shave him. If Jimmy wants to go somewhere with his wife for an evening, Winchell will get him passes. But first he must shave Winchell.

"I can't have some dirty Nazi cutting my throat," Walter says. And he seems quite sincere about it.

After his nine-o'clock broadcast (he rebroadcasts for the Pacific Coast at midnight), he invariably goes to the Stork Club barbershop for a shave. Almost as invariably he asks Jimmy:

"How was I tonight? I thought I was a little too fast."

Most other persons whom Winchell asks have a stock reply:

"You were wonderful tonight, Walter. Simply wonderful!"

But Jimmy, often enough, will say quietly:

"I think you were too fast."

"That's not so good," Winchell will say. And, if there were very few telephone calls following his broadcast, he will add: "No one's listening to me any more." Or, if they did not get his punch tag line: "Either they listen too fast or I talk too fast."

He loves to receive telephone calls, sweet or sour, after one of his broadcasts. His first question, after bursting out of the studio into the fourth-floor news room of N. B. C. at Radio City is: "Any squawks?"

He is then told how many telephone calls came in before he was able to get out of the glass-enclosed broadcasting booth, and what complaints or praises they carried. The rest of the calls—if he is not burdened with studio visitors, interviewers, people seeking to take pictures of him or pin medals on him—he answers personally. He gets a kid's bang out of it, and the chances are that if you call the studio five minutes after his broadcast and ask for Winchell you'll get to speak to Winchell personally. He is always being surprised by what people say to him over the telephone; the people are surprised that Winchell answers.

Sometimes they give him a roasting for things he never said. And one night he concluded his broadcast with this quip about salvaging razor blades: "No blade is too dull to cut Hitler's throat." He got calls from eagerly cooperative listeners who wanted to know where they should send their razor blades.

When Charles Lindbergh, following the declaration of war, went to Washington to discuss possible means of voluntarily serving his country, Winchell—quite fairly—reported the fact. An irate listener telephoned: "If you were going to mention Lindbergh at all, why didn't you do it nastily?"

Once a listener telephoned him all the way from California after a broadcast. Winchell answered the phone. The man at the other end set loose a verbal blast that promised to melt the wires between New York and the Pacific Coast. For two uninterrupted minutes he called Winchell everything he could think of. Finally he paused for breath, amazed that Winchell still listened.

"Go right ahead," Winchell said politely. "You're paying for the call."

What's he like, to meet? How true are the slams at him? Now that he's what slammers call a swivel-chair admiral, how much is he really doing for the navy? Next week, completing this true-to-life portrait sketch of him, Mr. Allhoff will show you.

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The thing to think about is—*what cigarette* you smoke. Look what eminent doctors found—on comparing the leading favorite cigarettes:

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE somebody turns up who wants to see for himself how genuinely important an American Walter Winchell (see page 10 of this issue) really is. This, it seems to us, is a good deal like trying out a Wet Paint sign. One such questioning took place in Congress not so long ago. Why, some inquisitors demanded, was Winchell writing columns and broadcasting if he was on active duty? Here is Walter Winchell's own answer, as printed in his column:

"One year before December 7th, 1941—in Washington—in an interview with Under-Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal—I stated that I was anxious for active duty anywhere . . . On December 7th, 1941—in a telegram to my Commandant I wrote: 'Respectfully request active duty' . . . On December 24, according to the official Navy press release issued from the 3rd Naval District—I was assigned to *volunteer* active duty—*without pay* . . . The latter at my suggestion . . . My duty was assigned . . . I did not select it . . . Naval duty, as you know, is based on maximum usefulness to the service . . . My special assignment *for the time being*—is assisting the fund-raising for The Navy Relief Society."

The United States Navy thinks that Lieutenant Commander Winchell should go on arousing the American people. So do we.

ANOTHER NAVY GUY: This week's cover is reproduced from a painting by one of America's most distinguished and most hard-working artists. Nobody needs to be told what it represents—not these days. But it's interesting to know that McClelland Barclay, too, is a lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Reserve—and that when he paints things military or naval, they are right.

AND STILL ANOTHER: Liberty likes 'em—not only for their Americanism but for the genuine authority behind their stuff. So meet Gordon Ramsey, author of Sky Eyes (page 14). Yep! Another Navy man. . . . The illustrator of Ramsey's story is a Chicagoan and a brand-newcomer to Liberty. We think his work packs a punch . . . and we're happy to have Wendell Kling in the Liberty family.

LIBERTY'S OLD SARGE has become practically an international institution. He gets mail from all over the world. Now, for another feather in his cap, he has written a book—How to Get Along in the Army. The D. Appleton-Century Company will publish it this week. . . . None of the material in the book has appeared previously in Liberty. We asked Old Sarge "How come?"

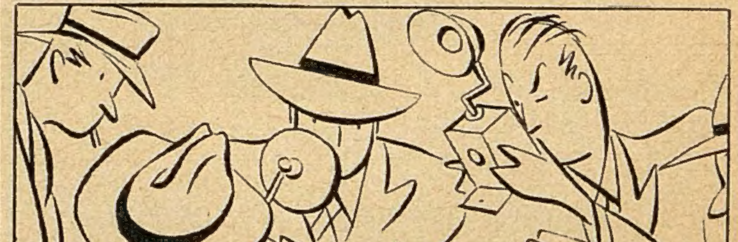
He said: "My page in Liberty has inspired thousands of letters from men who have had no military training at all, who now wish they had had some, but, failing actual experience, have asked me what to do and what not to do in order to prepare for their Army life. I haven't been able to answer all their questions in Liberty, so I've written this book. Unlike many Army books already published, it does not tell you 'how to be a soldier.' No soldier ever yet learned how to be one from a book. What I have tried to do is tell a man how he can get ready for Army life and how to get the most fun and benefit out of it once he's taken the oath. In other words, what I've written is a guidebook for the Army selectee or volunteer who wants to be prepared for the worst but hopes for the best.

"I've tried to cover all the most important things a recruit wants to know about—the things that any old Army man takes for granted but the recruit has yet to learn. No one book could possibly blanket everything of this nature—but I've done my best and I think there's never been a book quite like it. It is not intended for men after they're in service—it's for those who have not yet gone in." . . . Old Sarge has a good deal to say these days about the kick he gets out of finding that the pen is mightier than the sword—which seems a rather flowery way of putting it. Sergeants don't wear swords, and this particular fighting gentleman pokes a typewriter.

SEVEN DEVILS. If your hair stands up easily, and if you don't like it that way, this is an advance warning to get yourself some stickum. Because two weeks from now, in the issue of April 11, Liberty begins publication of one of the fastest moving, most exciting spy serials that any of us here in the office have read in many months. It is by Corey Ford, who got Liberty's $1,000 prize for the best short short story for the year 1941. It is called Island of the Seven Devils. Get set for a thrill.

The Editors

FALA



BY A. S. FOSTER

"Now, boys, please don't refer to me as the First Dog of the Land!"

LOOK, GIRLS, HERE'S *another* GLORIOUS ISSUE OF TRUE STORY . . . AT ONLY 10c!

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DON'T PASS THESE THRILLING PAGES!

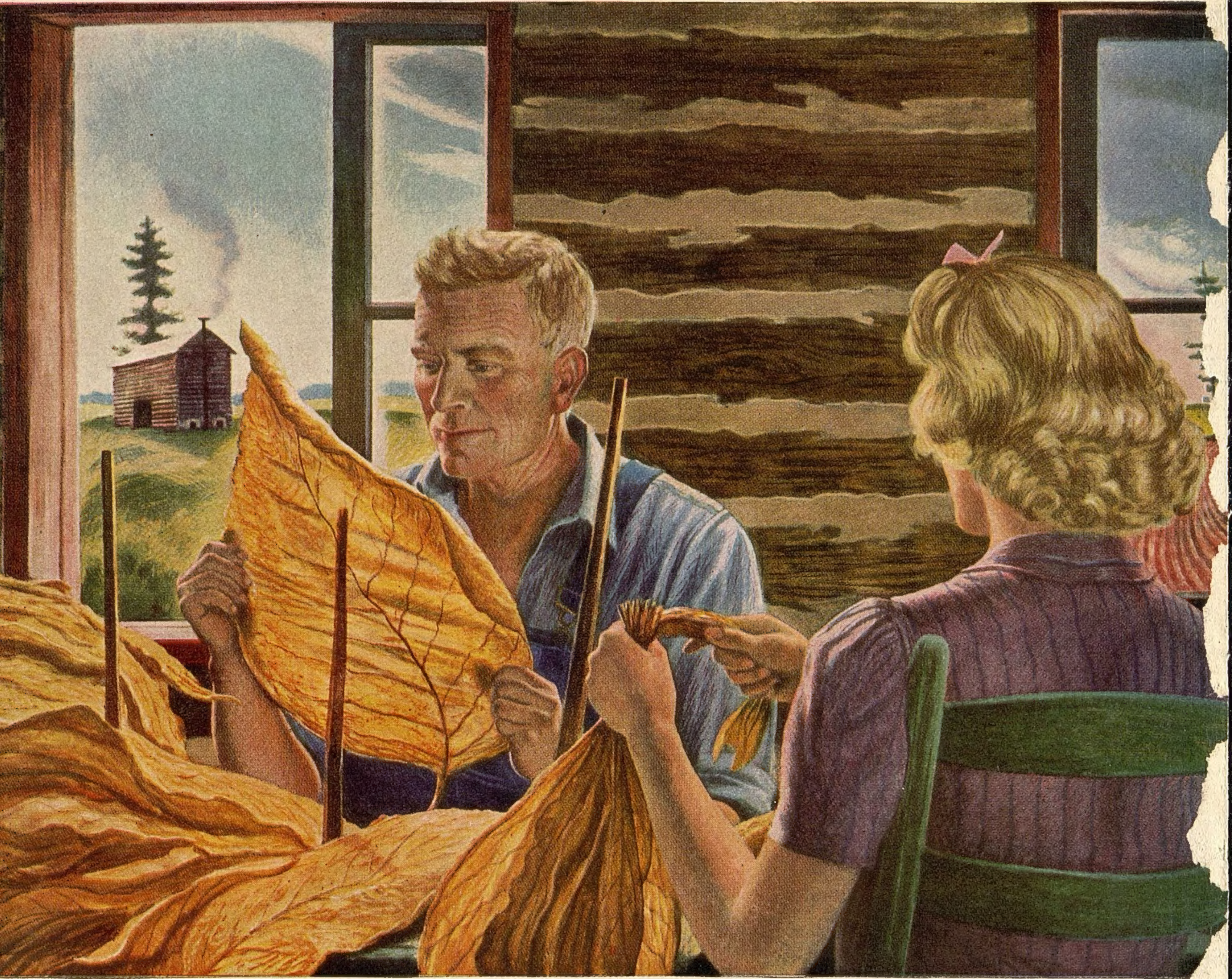
PAGE 20—*"Hotel Nurse"*—begin this true novel of a girl on a man hunt and the prize she tried to bag!

PAGE 22—*"Out of Bounds"*—how one girl's impatience drove her soldier boy friend to go out of bounds for a new sweetheart!

PAGE 43—*"I Fought the Devil for My Wife's Soul"*—his wife changed overnight and he discovered that the rival for her devotion was . . . the devil! Read this strangest complete *true* novel of the month!

NOW 10c AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



Grading the leaf after curing. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd

WE PAID 34%* MORE IN CONWAY, S. C., TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

DOWN WHERE the black Waccamaw River twists its way toward the sea, is Conway, S. C., a typical Southern tobacco town.

It's interesting to know that in Conway this season, the makers of Luckies paid 34% above the average market price to get the naturally milder, better-tasting leaf—yes, 34% more, so you could enjoy in Luckies a milder, better-tasting cigarette.

This was not unusual. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 tobacco markets last season, to get the kind of leaf most smokers like best.

No wonder independent tobacco experts—the auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen who actually see this happen—have come to know that Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco.

That's why with these men who know tobacco best it's Luckies 2 to 1.

Smokers, when you choose *your* cigarette, remember: *It's the tobacco that counts!*

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

* *Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 T